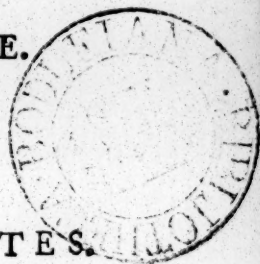


T H E  
R E F L E C T O R.  
A S E L E C T I O N O F  
E S S A Y S  
O N  
V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S  
O F  
C O M M O N L I F E.  
FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS.

Illustrated with  
ENTERTAINING ANECDOTES.



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I love to write, to speak myself as plain  
As honest Skippen or downright Montaigne.

Difficile est non scribere.

POPE.

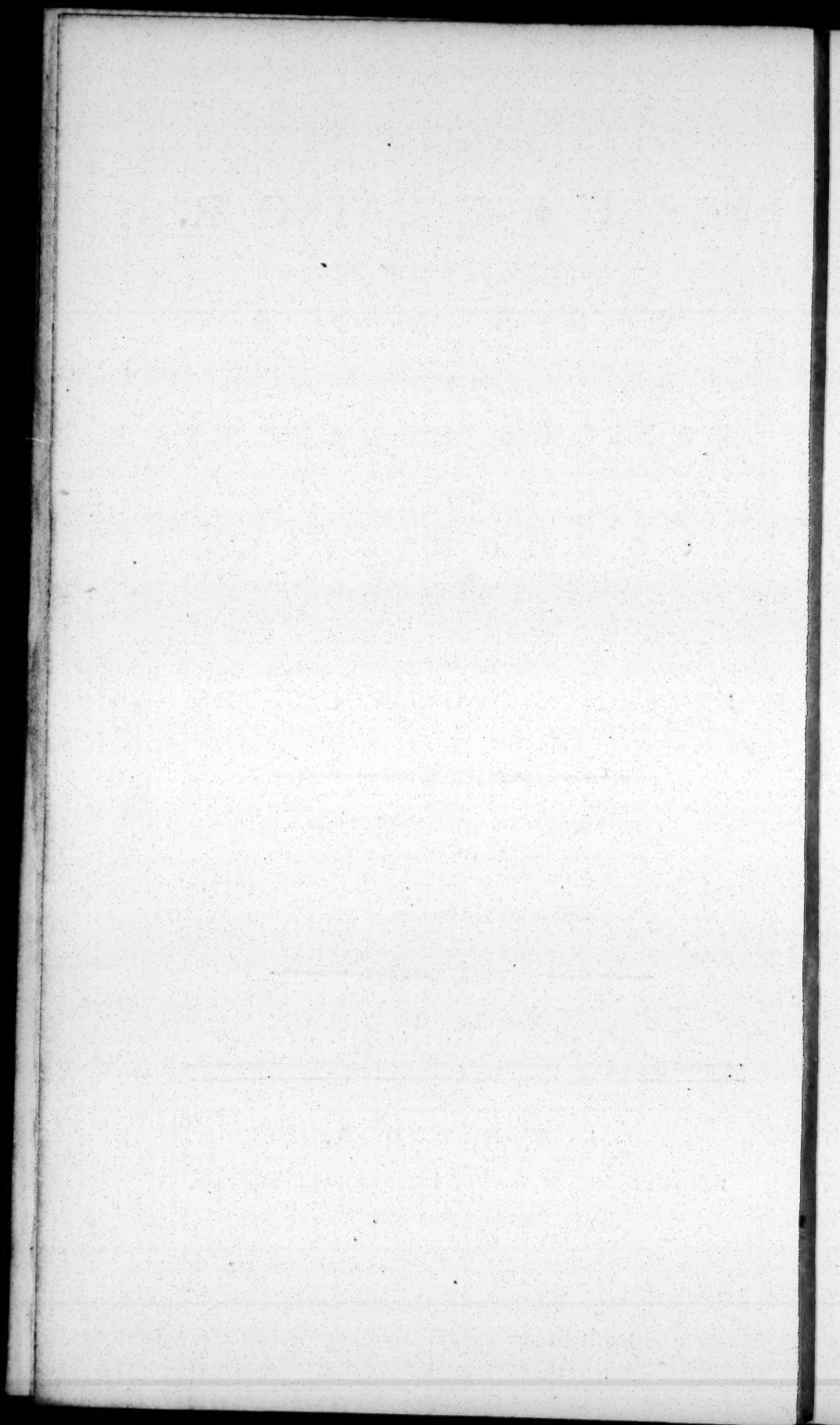
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L O N D O N,  
PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.  
MDCCLXXXVIII.





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T H E  
R E F L E C T O R.

---

N U M B E R I.

THE ROAD TO HAPPY WEDLOCK.

'Tis not a set of features or complexion,

The tincture of a skin, that I admire.

ADDISON.

ALTHOUGH there is no action of life the world meddles more with than people's marriages, yet there is none of which it can form a less competent idea. What may be agreeable or disagreeable in so very delicate an union, depends so much upon particular fancy, that none except the parties themselves, can form any adequate notion of it. Yet if you give your hand to the woman of your choice, and the poor  
Vol. II. B girl

girl is a little short of purse, you are imprudent, whatever personal virtues she may have to make you amends; but if your match is advantageous in a pecuniary light, and any little fault can be found with your bride personally, although it be but a freckle, or the shape of her nose, then you value not the woman, it is gold that you wed. But such remarks are illiberal and unjust. Whatever may first influence whatever be the first inducement which makes the generous, kind and steady mind look upon one of the other sex with a view to so tender a connexion, it will become in such a breast, a pure, a warm and constant love; and although the selfish, harsh and fickle heart, may be for a time buoyed up above its usual level by a temporary gust of passion, yet as soon as that subsides, it will sink into its native nothingness.

But

But let us however (without reflecting upon any particular person's conduct) examine how far the several different motives, which in general may be supposed to influence a matrimonial choice, appear laudable in the eye of that true reason, which, rising superior to the folly of passion, and looking deeper than mere outward appearances, values objects only as they seem likely to contribute to solid and lasting happiness.

The first motive we shall notice, is advantages of fortune, or external convenience, of which it must be remarked that (besides the respect due to parents and friends, who are generally too much influenced by it) the good things of this world in our present state of want and necessity are not to be despised; yet I cannot think that true prudence bids a man sacrifice the fond affections of his heart

to the calls of avarice and ambition; but only forbids him gratifying his passion, where it may involve him in difficulties, sink him in penury, and deprive him of what use and habit have made his necessities of life. But it is not only himself he ought to consider. That man acts a mean, ungenerous part, who, to gratify his avarice, his ambition, or even his love, takes advantage of a young woman's tenderness towards him, to rob her of the favour of her friends, to draw her into such a state of poverty as the delicacy of her education unfits her to support; to see herself reduced below the rest of her relations, to be, perhaps, compelled to send her children to glean a brother's field, will require more philosophy to support it with patience, than most mothers can pretend to. And what man of any feeling can be happy when the wife of his



his bosom is miserable? Yet, although prudential motives may be allowed to restrain the passions, they should not be suffered so far to supply their place, as to make people marry where they cannot like. To give the hand without any kindness of the heart, is in effect being tied to a state of legal prostitution.

It nought avails the specious name of wife,  
A maid so married is a slave for life.

Thoughtless passion, or desire, founded upon the beauties, or the graces of the object; though it must be allowed that personal beauty and other external graces, are both pleasing to the fancy, and do credit to the choice: yet it is but too true that if passion can but once enter into a contest with reason, it naturally gathers strength

strength from the opposition it meets with. Solomon never shewed more wisdom, at least more penetration into human nature, than when he tells us, "forbidden pleasures are sweet;" for we are apt to form expectations of enjoyments proportional to the price they are to cost. There is certainly a more than exquisite sweetness in the idea of a rapture, to purchase which our sacrifices must be great. But when once this transient desire is gratified, the sweet delusion vanishes, and then the naked folly glares us in the face. Violent fondness in courtship is no certain forerunner of connubial affection. I have known men commit the most extravagant actions to gain a woman, to whom they made most barbarous husbands, and women almost distracted for men they after marriage made arrant fools of; indeed the same violence of temper which produces the  
one,

one, will naturally occasion the other. I would, therefore, have such as cannot in their sounder judgments approve of those they love, strive, as soon as possible, to conquer their passion, which (altho' rather a difficult task) people of but ordinary strength of mind, if they act resolutely, may accomplish. They should wean themselves by absence, by engaging eagerly in business, pleasure or study, or what will perhaps be more effectual, mix with promiscuous company. But they must beware of a relapse, for when they think their passion quite subdued, the least accident may blow it into such a flame as may be much worse to extinguish than it was on its first attack. But the only certain cure, is to endeavour to turn the fervour of the passion upon some other object, whom they may hope to gain, and whom their judgments can approve of. Young peo-

ple, who have had little experience of the ebbs and flows of passion, when they once love dearly, fancy it impossible ever to have a like affection for another; but passion depends much less upon the merits of its object, than on the temper of the lover. That same disposition to amorous kindness, if it can be brought to take that turn, will hang with equal fondness upon its new object. Can even the memory of a departed love, where gratitude and esteem bore equal sway with fondness; can that tender and melancholy idea, which still at times must rush over the mind, and fill the breast with sadness, can even this secure a soul too warmly formed for love, a heart of tinder, from new flames?

But the truly laudable motive for a matrimonial choice, is that warm esteem and affection founded upon an assurance of the true merit, and solid virtues of the person beloved. Virtue, prudence,  
and



and sweetness of disposition in a partner for life are greatly (I had almost said infinitely) preferable to either graces of person, or any gifts it is in the power of fortune to bestow; for it is not in the glitter of appearance, but the peace, the contentment, the heart felt satisfaction of every hour which constitutes the happiness of life. "Better is a dinner of herbs  
" with content than a stalled ox with  
" strife," hatred, and disgust. And as for beauty, it

—— Soon grows familiar to the lover;  
Fades in the eye, and palls upon the sense.

Giddy passion first sinks into satiety, then hardens into disgust. But if to mutual esteem, confidence and friendship, we add the blessings of health, and a competent means of obtaining such a livelihood as habit has made natural, we may pronounce a couple as happy as mortality will admit.

N U M-

## NUMBER II.

## CRUELTY.

Then most delighted when she social sees,  
The whole mix'd animal creation round,  
Alive and happy.

THOMSON.

WITH my pen in hand, ready to  
write the lucubration of the week,  
ready to launch my fair pupils safe from  
the rocks and shoals in the wide ocean of  
courtship and gallantry, through Hy-  
men's straits into the narrower seas, (yet  
not less hazardous, or needful of the  
pilot) their matrimonial conduct;  
when, lo! a confused noise invaded my  
ears. I looked out at the window, and  
behold

behold—the whole country in motion, running, clambering over hedges and ditches, and loud halloas resound on every side. Is some public foe landed, and got so far up the country? Some daring felon to be taken? Or at least it must be some felonious beast, that has broke into the hen-roosts or sheep-folds.—No, it is a poor

——“Triumph o’er the timid hare,  
O’er a weak, harmless, flying creature,”

That thus are all

“Mix’d in mad tumult, and discordant joy.”

But I, who have been almost instinctively used to reason, by placing myself in the situation, and taking up the feelings of others, was instantly pained for the little animal, pursued by blood-thirsty creatures; creatures the most terrifying to its nature; stunned with their cries, with the mixed clamour of

men and horses, overcome with toil, confused, unknowing where to fly, ready to fall into the ravenous jaws:—seized—torn to pieces—and this fight men enjoy as a pleasure.—How different O Sterne! thine idea of a son of mercy—not to retaliate even on a fly—“Go thy way, poor devil; get thee gone: why should I hurt thee?”—“The world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me.” Honest uncle Toby! methinks I would go further to meet with one of thy benignity of disposition, than I would to have seen the hero, the philosopher, the legislator of Sans-Souci.\*

I mean to enforce no Pythagorean refinements; it seems to be a general and necessary law, throughout a world swarming with mortal beings, with creatures, myriads of whom are continually

\* Late King of Prussia.



tinually dying, that one species should eat up the decaying carcases of another; for otherwise this earth would be covered with rottenness, and the circumambient air polluted with their stench, the atmosphere abounding with pestilence and death. Nor can man himself escape this general doom. Although his careful friends may wrap his cold limbs in lead, and enclose coffin within coffin, the seeds of the voracious tribe are sown in his yet living carcase; and the devouring worm shall crawl on the brow of supercilious pride, shall riot on those features which swell with haughtiness, and on those eyes which now dart proud disdain. Nor will they spare even thee, O rosy cheek of beauty!—Thy soft and tender bosom, O my beloved! is gone, long since gone—the prey of worms; but that kind and gentle temper, that innocence of heart,  
that

that soul of love and benevolence, must surely form an angel in the regions of the blest.

Man may perhaps be meant by nature to live partly on animal food. Perhaps, especially in the colder climates, it might be difficult for all the inhabitants to feed on vegetables; he may then have a right from the great law of self-preservation, to "Take, kill and eat:" nor is it a greater hardship for the poor bird, which must die, to fall by the shot of the fowler, than by the talons of the hawk, or the chilling cold and hunger of the wintry season: It

—Sees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain,  
Than favour'd man, by touch ætherial slain.

And if man has a right to kill for his food, he has still a clearer one to destroy such animals, as if they were suffered

ferred to have their full increase, would take his provisions from his mouth, and leave him to hunger : and this will condemn the hare and other seemingly harmless animals, as well as beasts and birds of prey ; for as Providence foresaw how much they would be persecuted, these sorts of creatures are so naturally prolific, that if they were all suffered to live and breed, our meadows and corn-fields would be laid waste and destroyed.

But then, if we must kill, we yet should have an eye to mercy ; we should bethink ourselves, that we are taking the lives of those who have as exquisite a sense of pain as we have, and so carefully avoid every unnecessary degree of cruelty and torture. No creature is so despicable as not to merit this consideration ; a mouse, or even a toad, has some claim to compassion. They surely might be destroyed without  
roasting

roasting them alive. As for hunting, it may be a healthful, and perhaps to some, a pleasing exercise; but to me, (perhaps it is a weakness in my nature) it seems rather shocking to make a sport of any creature's pain and death: and I can assure those who enjoy this pleasure of killing, that I do not at all envy them their privilege, although without these happy game-laws, many of these little-great men, would be at a loss how to show their importance; or be sufficiently feared, and hated among their rustic neighbours.

So much for animals in *fera naturæ*, but those of property have a still stronger claim upon their owner's feelings: the dog which fawns and follows; the horse we ride; the cattle in the pastures; and the flocks upon the mountains;—if mine, methinks should have some share in my affections. And this feeling is surely common, as well as just. Which  
of



of you can see your beasts abused (though your interest were not damaged) but it will give you pain? How unnaturally criminal then is it for yourselves to practise an unnecessary cruelty upon them? The odious custom of cock throwing is, I hope, almost abolished: I wish the same could be said of cock fighting. A (I know not what to call it) diversion it cannot be, which unites cruelty, gambling, and what ever is vile and hateful.

Of all animals under the more immediate controul of man, such as he intends for food meet with the least bad usage, he

——“Feasts the animal he dooms his feast,  
“And till he ends the being, makes it blest.”

but he cruelly tyrannizes over those (most deserving) creatures who assist him with  
their

their labour. That noblest and most useful of all animals, the horse, how is he abused ! unnecessarily put beyond his speed, unnecessarily loaded above his strength, and then driven with cruel lashes. In his old age, when his joints are stiffened with strains and over heatings, yet more unmercifully laboured, and then exposed to die with all the miseries of cold and hunger. “ The merciful man is merciful to his beast ;” and he who is savage to his cattle, wants only the power to be a tyrant among men. When Domitian could no longer kill or torture his subject, (himself a prisoner) he could enjoy the agonies of slaves slowly expiring of their wounds. And that same good man (John Howard, Esq;) who has travelled throughout Europe, to visit unhappy prisoners, and has shamed princes and states to mitigate their woes, has also set apart a comfortable pasture

pasture for his old and worn out horses.

The Turks, and other Eastern nations, (whom we affect to call barbarians) build hospitals for, and think it a due act of charity to relieve helpless animals. And do we (who call ourselves Christians) imagine that God, who has an eye over all his works, who forbids to muzzle the ox who treadeth out the corn, who spared Nineveh, not only upon account of the innocent infants and insane, but because of "much cattle;" who heareth the young ravens when they call aloud for food, who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice; do we think he seeth not the distresses of poor irrational creatures, or will require no account of our conduct towards them?

NUM-

## NUMBER III.

## SCOLDING.

I think (quoth Thomas) women's tongues  
Of aspin leaves are made.

WIFE OF BATH'S BALLAD.

**M**AN was endowed by heaven with  
a strong athletic frame of body,  
to hew down the trees of the forest,  
and tear out the rocks from the entrails  
of the earth; his heart swells with  
ardour in the conflict of battle, and he  
launches out undaunted amidst the  
roaring of the seas: yet, lest he should  
grow haughty with his strength and  
prowess,



prowess, to let him see how slender a weapon is sufficient to cool his courage, to woman was given the powers of the tongue.

Those who are the most dexterous at using this little, sharp and dangerous weapon, are commonly called scolds, and may be divided into three classes, (viz.) the passionate, the whiners, and the teasers.

The passionate are always ready to discharge a volley on every slight occasion, and this in such haste and fury, as quickly to exhaust the very strength of fury itself, and are generally as hasty in their forgiveness or submissions, as they were in their rage; so that they will seldom be hated by their relatives or dependants, but despised: and as every one who has any connection with them, must on every slight occasion meet their fury, they soon learn not  
to

to fear it on a great one, and so become careless of giving them offence.

The whiners are the elegists in scolding: whatever is their theme, it is delivered in the stile of complaint. Husbands are so easy; servants so careless, so lazy; if she was gone it would be seen; and she is little able to take care; she is weary of her life; and such like mournful strains of self-pity as would melt the heart of any thing, except a husband whose tympanum is so benumbed by the same doleful sounds continually playing upon it, as to be no more affected than by the mournful murmuring of a waterfall. But in favor of these poor women, it must be observed, that this their temper often proceeds from weakness of bodily constitution; the pains and faintnesses which attend chronic disorders, may break a naturally good temper. I once knew one who possessed a sweetness

ness of disposition, which not all the sufferings incident to a broken constitution could affect;—but she is no more.

The most detestable species of scolds are the teasers. Their crime bears the same proportion to that of the passionate, as deliberate murder does to man-slaughter, while the plaintive notes of the whiners are a kind of self-defence. But the teasers (without putting themselves to the pain of being in a passion) will wriggle on for hours, tormenting every one who is so unhappy as to be forced to be within hearing. The elocution of these gentlewomen is really surprising. I have heard one of them run through almost all the figures of rhetoric, in scolding her maid for breaking a penny basin. The hearing organs, however, of those who are much used to them, become so callous, that all their upbraidings,  
their

their acrimonious raillery, and their woe-fraught complaints, seem only as the filing of a saw;—very disagreeable, but totally unaffecting.

Now, as the principal use of this little powerful female weapon, (in ordinary life) is to keep the maid and the husband in due obedience, some remarks on its proper application to these different purposes, might, perhaps, be serviceable to my favourites—my female readers.

It should be considered, that the strength of this same little goad, depends entirely upon the delicacy of feeling in the persons upon whom it is employed, and consequently if too much used on any one, it must lose its force, by their becoming familiarized and hardened to it. Besides which, there is so much generous pride in human nature, that there are, I believe, very few servants who will not be more wrought



wrought upon by a show of kindness and confidence, (yet with a resoluteness not to be imposed on) than by a constant fretful, chiding, or a suspicious severity. I have seen a girl brought to tears, and I dare say a sincere repentance for a fault, by an indulgent mistress only saying, "Molly, none should have made me believe you would have done so!" The implied compliment softened, and opened her heart to feel the full force of the reproof. There is certainly a degree of politeness due to servants and dependants, as well as other people; they should not be reproved (when it can be avoided) before company, as it not only distresses, but hardens them more. I remember once buying a dish of tea very dear, by being obliged to hear the good woman of the house, railing at, and complaining of her servants, while the poor fretted maid was going blush-

ing back and forwards, betwixt the apartment where we sat and the kitchen. She could just hear enough to make her uneasy, without well knowing what it was; and nothing can be more distressing than to know one is spoken ill of, without having the opportunity of defending one's self, or without even knowing what the crime alledged is. Corporeal torture is happily abolished by the laws of this free country; but shall every saucy dame dare to inflict the torture of the mind?

If there is some degree of delicacy necessary in scolding the maid, there cannot be much less due to the good man of the house; for nothing makes him appear so contemptible, as when we see him under the discipline of his wife's tongue. The little corrections he may stand in need of, had better be applied in private. If he must have curtain lectures, let them be curtain lectures

lectures indeed. The pressure of a soft bosom, added to the tenderly delivered admonition, will have much more effect in reforming a faulty husband, than railing and abuse. Men are generally proud and obstinate, but toward the fair sex kind and generous. Let but themselves and the world think that they play the master, and a wife may have all a reasonable woman will desire; but bad language and abuse, petrifies the heart, and makes him stick to a fault, both from natural obstinacy, and for fear of being laughed at, as being over-ruled by his wife. Besides which, an abusive tongue will (if any thing can) tempt a man to use that privilege, allowed by the old common law of giving his wife "moderate correction;" and such as will not be guilty of that brutality, may be driven to seek that peace and happiness abroad, which they cannot find at home, and so gradually

be led into such a train of extravagance and debauchery, as must end in the ruin both of themselves and families.

NUM.



N U M B E R IV.

C O T Q U E A N S.

—Thou dear half man.—

DRYDEN.

**I** SHOULD beg pardon of my correspondent, Mr. Plainfense, for having neglected his second letter so very long; but shall now insert it, and endeavour to answer his demands.

To the A U T H O R.

S I R,

Myself and friends are much obliged to you for your answer concerning

cerning ghosts and witches, and would be glad to have your opinion whether there are any such things as *Muphradites*.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PETER PLAINSENSE.

Hermaphrodites (for that I suppose my friend Peter means) are very numerous in this land, and may be divided into two numerous classes, those who appear in breeches, and those who wear petticoats; the first are generally called Cot-queans, and the second Robins.

A Cot-quean, or Cot-queen, (for I am not certain of the etymology of the word, whether it is from being the principal scold, or affecting to be the sovereign mistress of the family) is a thing

thing of doubtful gender, which might pass for a man, but that it must be always interfering in what is the proper business of women. Those who have the misfortune to be under wives, (for these poor women have no real husbands) I say those who are married to these creatures, have very miserable lives; they are always thwarting them in every thing, for they unite the bad qualities of both sexes, the peevishness of the woman, and the hard heartedness of the man. Besides, there is (I know not how to express it) a kind of masculine spirited weakness, towards the wife of his bosom in a real man, which, as it were, smooths and softens the rugged ways of wedlock, but which these creatures want the manhood to have the least idea of.

I once had the misfortune to spend half a day at the house of a Cot-quean, whom I took to be a man by

his dress, until the pudding-bag being wanting, gave him an opportunity of letting us know "there was none in the house, except himself, took care of any thing." This served him to wrangle about until dinner was set upon the table; and then the pudding was not sufficiently light; although he had told "our wife" over and over, how his mother used to make them, yet she never did better: and then the meat was too much boiled; not one piece of beef but had been spoiled by over salting. The wife now ventured to answer, "that would soon be over, as there was but one piece left." Here he flew in a rage, "there were two, or she had wasted it." Thus a sharp and weary altercation ensued, until I advised their satisfying themselves by examining; when happily peace was restored by his being found the more knowing house-wife of the two; in  
which



which he did not a little triumph, although I could not help thinking he had been guilty of at least one foolish action in his life, the marrying a woman to whom he durst not trust the domestic œconomy of his family.

A Robin is a creature in petticoats, which is so very much wiser than the honest man, who is its mate, that he must not presume to do any thing but as this *he-she* pleases to direct him; and as the poor man cannot conduct his affairs with any spirit, for fear of her anger, to get clear of trembling and uneasiness, he at last lets her fairly take all business into her own hands, of which she is fillily proud, and entertains her acquaintance (who never fail to laugh behind her back) with nothing but her management; prefacing it always with, "my good man is easy, and "never minds these things;" by which, (if she considered it) she makes both

him and herself ridiculous : for a woman taking upon herself, what should be the more peculiar business of her husband, cuts in reality as absurd a figure, as her *good man* would do washing the dishes.

That there may be cases where the wife's abilities may be greater than the husbands, I am ready to allow ; and when so, she may be of great service to him, if instead of indulging her vanity insolently, and evidently taking the lead, she has the sense to consider that

She who with a weak man wisely lives,  
Will seem to obey the due commands she gives.

It is thus that Urfilina has, by her prudent counsels and kind encouragements, raised her naturally blunt and simple mate to opulence, and made him respected amongst his neighbours ;  
while

while Termagina has reduced her poor man (naturally of the same temper) to the state of a mere hind upon his own freehold; over-run by his wife, pitied, yet despised by his neighbours, and disregarded even by his own children: for so very ungenerous is human nature, that where ever either the father or mother of a family is treated ill by the other, the children join in contemning the depressed parent.

One thing, however, I would advise all women to beware of; the marrying a blockhead, in hopes of being his director: for as there is no beast of burthen so obstinately stupid as an ass, so is there no man so conceitedly untractable as a fool; and he is especially always the first to think his wife one. But a truly sensible man will hardly give his hand to a woman, in whose discretion and fidelity he has not some degree of confidence.

For my part I see little natural superiority in either sex; and altogether agree with that amiable writer, Mr. Richardson, that the words Command and Obey should be blotted out of the Matrimonial Vocabulary. Only there is this material difference, a man may make himself ridiculous by too implicit a submission to his wife, which a woman can never do by her obedience to her husband: for which reason, when disputes become obstinate, it is very commendable for the wife to give way: but in return, the husband should certainly allow her some degree of freedom in her own domestic province. It is, doubtless, proper to consult each other's inclinations and opinions, that neither be so much in awe of the other, as not to act their part with ease and happiness. To borrow an allusion from state affairs, each official minister should have liberty to act with



with freedom and spirit in his own department, yet every affair of much importance should be decided upon in the cabinet.

NUM.

## NUMBER V.

## CONNUBIAL CONFIDENCE.

When souls, who should agree to will the same,  
To have one common object of their wishes,  
Look different ways, regardless of each other,  
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues.  
Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,  
Their nights shall all be lonely and unquiet,  
And every day shall be a day of cares.

Rowe.

**M**ANKIND (says Plato) were not originally divided into male and female, but each individual was a compound of both sexes, and was in itself both husband and wife, melted down into one living creature, in which there was so compleat an harmony,  
and

and perfection of happiness, that the Androgynes (or men women) became insolent with prosperity, and so, to punish them, they were divided from each other into different sexes and different persons, each pursuing different views, and led by separate inclinations, so becoming in their imperfect union the authors of each others misery.

It is thus that the fanciful philosopher points out the happiness which attends a compleat union of interest and inclination in man and wife, and the unhappiness which must result from their disagreement. Every one's reason and experience must convince him of the truth of this; so that if I could lay down some easy and simple rules which might help to keep harmony and affection alive in matrimonial life, methinks they would not be altogether

altogether unworthy of the attention of my readers.

The first thing necessary to connubial happiness is, that there be a mutual esteem and affection betwixt the parties previous to their union: as without the first, love, as soon as desire is gratified, will sink into satiety and disgust; and without the tender affections of the heart, the most perfect esteem and confidence will be cold and lifeless. In such a state the parties may not be miserable, but they never can be blest. Where a man or woman discovers a tenderness in the partner of their bed, it will excuse many little failings; but the most unexceptionable conduct without that may satisfy the judgment, but can never touch the heart. Love is, therefore, absolutely necessary to happy wedlock; but then I do not mean by love that mad and violent passion which

is



is to put people in danger of hanging or drowning, if it meets with a disappointment; but that calm greatness of soul which a kind and generous heart can scarcely fail to feel, for one who has shewn it so much of love and confidence to chuse it as a partner for life.

Another necessary inclination is, an unwillingness to take exceptions, and a mutual endeavouring to avoid quarrels and disputes; for if a man and wife get once into the way of sparring (to borrow a term from the fashionable science of boxing) every frivolous matter furnishes them with an opportunity of quarrelling, and, by degrees, their hearts become hardened against each other, and every spark of affection is extinguished. Young people when they marry should not form too great expectations of happiness, nor think to find every virtue in the object  
of

of their choice: we are not to expect incompatible good qualities in the same person, for all mortals have their failings, and every virtue its alloy. Thus the careful and dexterous man of business is apt to be fretful or hasty in temper; and the good-natured and generous, indolent and profuse: they should, therefore, bear with, and endeavour to adapt themselves to each other's little foibles, and by kind and gentle remonstrances rectify grosser faults. If at any time passion gets the better of reason and discretion, they should retain no bitterness in their hearts, but as much as possible banish every remembrance of it from their thoughts. It was excellent advice, given by Archbishop Cranmer, to a young couple, "never both of them "to wear the fool's cap together"—if they can help it.

But

But I would particularly advise married people to avoid disputes before company, as it is painful to every hearer, and is besides more irritating to their own feelings than when alone. Yet many, who I believe are, notwithstanding, no very unhappy couples, have got into a foolish way of snapping each other in conversation. There are very few but who, in heat of discourse, will be saying some things which will not bear a critical examination, and which it is the height of rudeness to notice; and it is not less, but rather more so, if the parties are man and wife, because it must therefore give the greater uneasiness to every one who hears them. Others there are who make themselves ridiculous by an over affected fondness in public; but surely matrimonial life yields sufficient opportunity both for kissing and snarling, without troubling company with it. Yet I do not approve

prove of their behaviour who affect an unnatural regard for each other. The truly amiable manner is a kind of free, easy, and tender civility, which I know not how to describe, but which a sensible couple, who love and esteem each other, will naturally fall into.

But, perhaps, the most essential requisite to connubial happiness, is the parties having a compleat confidence in, and openness of heart towards each other. I know there are some of your very wise men, who pride themselves in keeping their affairs secret from their wives; yet surely they must have made a very foolish choice, whether love or avarice was their motive, who marry those in whose discretion and fidelity they cannot confide. If a man's affairs be flourishing, who should rejoice with him, but his partner  
for



for life, the mother of his children ; if critical, as his family oeconomy must in great measure depend upon her, how should she know how to conduct it with propriety, when ignorant of his circumstances? Besides, misfortunes, when they have been long expected, fall much lighter when they do come, as the mind is previously prepared, and hardened for their reception. But how terrible must it be for a poor woman, who is thinking herself and children secure of plenty, to be at once, and by one unforeseen blow, reduced to indigence and want. A man should chearfully allow his wife every necessary his circumstances, consistent with prudence, will admit; and she, on her part, should never think of any sinister views of obtaining them. They should never entertain any idea of separate prospects, but consider  
their

their interests as entirely the same, as indeed theirs certainly must be, who are to pass their lives, and are, as it were, blended together.

## N U M B E R VI.

P A R E N T A L A F F E C T I O N  
A N D E X A M P L E.

Relations dear, and all the charities,  
Of father, son, and brother.

MILTON.

O F all creatures in this visible part  
of the creation, none come into  
the world so weak and helpless as man,  
or for so very long a time depend upon  
their parents for support and protec-  
tion. The fish, most insects, and even  
some birds, (as the ostrich) abandon  
their eggs to the providential care of  
nature,

nature, to be hatched by the genial warmth of the season; the young quadruped, (the calf or the lamb) almost as soon as it sees light, rises and seeks the teat; it trots after, or plays beside its dam, until a fresh season, and a new inclination makes her banish the young animal, now become able to provide its own support. Even the feathered choir, are fully discharged from all care of their callow young in a few weeks; but the tender infant can only sprawl and cry, and continue weak and helpless for years. Yet although this may seem at first sight a hardship on the human race, it is in reality their highest privilege and advantage; for the child, by being longer under parental care and direction, has the opportunity of imbibing more knowledge and experience, before it enters the world on its own bottom; and



and also of fixing the greater and more lasting impression on the affections of its parents ; it gives the opportunity (or indeed is almost the sole occasion, by keeping them longer in a family way) of cementing fraternal affection among brethren ; affording the parents a natural right to a greater and more lasting share of filial obedience and affection from their children.

As it most essentially effects the great designs of nature in the population and œconomy of the world, of all natural affections the parental is the most universally strong ; and of all relative duties that is the more seldom or wilfully violated : in this the indolent and sluggish are careful and pains taking, the narrow-minded and selfish are generous and kind. Yet, how strange is it, the want of a ceremony previous to the birth of the child will render their hearts callous to this (so general) parental

tenderness, it makes them seem entirely insensible to all that fond solicitude so natural to a father. Would they revenge upon the innocent and helpless offspring of their illicit amours, their own shame and guilt, because they have robbed the harmless infant of all the credit of birth, of all the most distant prospects of inheritance? Must they likewise deprive it of their paternal care and protection? Most of these poor children might complain with the unfortunate Mr. Savage,

————— “ No mother’s care  
“ Shielded my infant innocence with pray’r;  
“ No father’s guardian hand my youth maintain’d,  
“ Call’d forth my virtues, and from vice restrain’d.”

Yet let the loose and thoughtless remember, whoever takes upon him  
to

to become a father, becomes also bound, to the great Father of all, to support, protect, provide for, and instruct his children; nor will his neglect of a ceremony (however sacred or essential to a virtuous connection that ceremony may be) in the least excuse him; on the contrary, his guiltiness in the previous injury done the poor infant, and the injustice offered its mother, must make his future conduct the more rigidly enquired into. How strange is it then, that in sickness, at the speedy or lingering approaches of death, men can still persist in this unnatural cruelty! and while they are bequeathing plentiful portions to their other children, or perhaps to collateral heirs, these poor creatures are still left unprovided for, or left to all the miseries of friendless want, to all the temptations of unadvised necessity.

D 2

But

But towards their lawfully begotten issue it is seldom parents fail in their duty from want of natural affection. If the loose and extravagant bring their children to poverty, it is not so much from defect of tenderness to them, as for want of prudence, conduct, and virtue to controul their passions, even when their own interest and happiness, as well as that of their families, are at stake. Children are armed by nature with an irresistible sweetness; their artless blandishments, their innocent prattle, win upon the hearts of any who have the care of them, much more so, when that is attended with a consciousness of their being ours; so that they may be accounted a kind of monsters in nature who are destitute of parental feelings. If parents, as such, err in their conduct, it is oftener from too much tenderness, which allows of improvident indulgence, from a want of steadiness of mind,



mind, or judgment, but most of all from a defect in their own principles or manners, by instilling false sentiments, or setting bad examples.

Children should be made at once to fear and love their parents; but this reverence cannot be gained by severity only; parents should be careful not to let their children see any thing in their behaviour which is mean or base. It is certainly, as Mr. Addison remarks, a misfortune to a family when the head of it is a coxcomb, but it is yet a greater when he is a rascal. Children naturally imitate those about them, more especially their parents. When Miss was reproved for swearing, she pertly replied, "Pappa swears, and Mamma swears, and they would not do it if they thought it wrong." A striking lesson this! The wiser nations among the antient heathens were particularly nice of even mentioning any thing loose or

vicious among families. "I am  
"ashamed," says the old citizen of  
Athens, in Terence, "to name it be-  
"fore your mother." He was ashamed  
even to name a lewd woman before  
her. And Juvenal marks it as the  
particular degeneracy of the age in  
which he lived, that men frequented  
indecent and lascivious shews in com-  
pany with their wives: but how fre-  
quently among us, who call ourselves  
Christians, do we hear men froth  
out the most shocking ribaldry, not  
only in the presence of their wives,  
but of their daughters, women grown.  
If these possess real delicacy, how shock-  
ing to hear such trash from the very  
person they naturally should reverence.  
What a tendency must it have to ruin  
their modesty; to prepare them for  
the destruction of their virtue and  
honour?

I heard

I heard it very justly remarked in the course of conversation lately, "That if a young person of an honest family was dishonest, it must be owing to a very bad natural disposition; and, on the contrary, it was more than commonly meritorious if a person of a mean and scandalous race should become an honest, creditable man." And, indeed, it is difficult for a young person who sees nothing with his parents, with those he is most inclined to follow, but what is loose and trivial, to gain true ideas of virtue and sobriety; or for those who see nothing at home but schemes or practices of deceit, to learn how to set a proper value upon honesty and honour.

How very much then must it be incumbent upon parents to shew their children a good example, to instil into them early sentiments of virtue and

D 4

honour,

honour, and, above all, to teach and to shew them that they themselves have the highest reverence for the great truths and precepts of our holy religion.

NUM-



## NUMBER VII.

## FILIAL LOVE.

Their love in early infancy began,  
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man.

DRYDEN.

I Have already remarked, under how much greater obligation the young ones of the human race are to their parents, than any of the animal creation; and as rational creatures, capable of grateful feelings, they must be under a tie which the others are not, of continuing their dutiful regard longer than their own seeming necessities may require, even for life; and

of repaying by their tender care, when their parents lie under the infirmities of sickness or old age, for that which was bestowed upon them in their helpless infancy. And if this filial love seems to be somewhat less forcibly impressed by the instinctive hand of nature, than parental feelings are, it is only because care in rearing the infant stock was too absolutely necessary to the continuance of the human race, to have it trusted to the casual efforts of reason and conscience; not that the neglect of the other, in a moral view, is less criminal, and the practice, as being more a free-will virtue, must be the more meritorious.

But the first duty which children owe, or are capable of paying their parents, is obedience; and this their interest as well as natural duty requires of them. For parents very seldom (even in those commands which  
seem

seem most rigid) mean any thing but their real good: their maturer age and experience, seeing through the clearer medium of dispassionate reason, make them judge better than young people can for themselves, who are too frequently the dupes of juvenile passions and fond desires. They should be willing to sacrifice many of their little fancies to the will of their parents, although it may appear to them a little capricious. It is not sufficient that they know they do not real evil, or that they hazard no mischief, they should avoid whatever seems to alarm the anxious tenderness of a parental bosom. The best way to prevent this, is to be open to them with regard to their views, whether of business or pleasure; and to encourage this, parents should not look with too severe an eye, but give some little indulgence to youthful

fancy, yet certainly they ought to restrain youthful excess; and of what is so, they must be the better judges, who have had experience in the ways and necessities of life.

But when young people rise into manhood, and their parents sink into the vale of years, a new train of duties become incumbent upon them.—“To rock the cradle of declining age,” to apply the lenient balm of care and tenderness, to be a comfort and support to them in their infirmity, is what most assuredly nature and gratitude require. Aching bones, and languid spirits, make old age at best but comfortless; but when infirmity is accompanied by want, it is still more dreadful. In such a state, children if they possibly can should support their aged parents. Can they please themselves with any little luxury, when he who has spent the flower of his days in toiling to sub-

sist



sist them in their helpless infancy ; or she who bore all the pains of the mother, all the tedious cares and watchings of the nurse to rear them into manhood, is labouring under all the miseries of want, or only subsisting on the sparing allowance of common charity.

Another way children may yield comfort to their parents is in their agreement, and fraternal affection for each other. It must indeed be good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity. Where that is the case, and all prove friendly to each other, a numerous family is indeed a blessing, and advantageous even to the children ; as the greater credit, support, and assistance they may yield each other, more than recompenses for their minuter divisions of patrimony. Brethren, it is true, are not often companions in the pursuit of pleasure ; but this is no argument against the natural strength

strength of fraternal affection, as it is entirely owing to a delicacy of not exposing their little foibles to those who are too anxiously their friends to give them indulgence : in reality, the friendships of pleasurable companions, are as little solid as the flimsy foundation on which they are built ; but brothers will often prove friends in necessity, when all these seemingly kinder companions will stand aloof. The tie of nature is so binding, and their interest so connected, that if a friendship be cultivated among them as it ought, there is certainly the less hazard of deceit, than in men's friendly connections.

In order to cultivate and preserve this mutual kindness among their children, parents should, from their earliest years, discourage their complaints against each other, and avoid raising jealousies among them, by shewing

ing the least partiality : the youngest minds are quick at discerning any thing of this kind, and when their parent's love is their chiefest pride and pleasure, it kindles warm resentment against those who they think rob them of their share. Parental love is happily adapted to children's necessities ; those who from bodily weakness, or any other cause, have given the greatest trouble and anxiety, will naturally have the strongest hold of the affections ; and as the youngest long continues the weakest, it may likely continue a favourite ; or if there be a boy, who has a little of the rake in him, from the natural liking women have to that character, it may possibly (although she herself knows not the real cause) make him his mother's darling. As authors are themselves the least competent to judge of the comparative merits of their own productions, so are parents the least

least qualified to decide on the greater or less deserts of their children; and even when they think they give a preference on the surest grounds of reason, it will be much more prudent to conceal it.

In order, as much as they can to perpetuate a good agreement in their families, such as have property to leave behind them, should be careful to get a settlement made of it previous to their decease; otherwise they may venture to prophecy with Alexander, that their memories will be honoured with strange funeral games. I can see no reason for people so long putting off that very necessary business; it proceeds from a combination of very false and ridiculous ideas; to make a will, occasions their thinking of death, and of parting with those worldly goods they too much value: but surely this draws them no nearer dying, but, on the contrary, every



every concern being settled, should render them more at ease on the attack of any dangerous disorder, and leave them more at leisure to reflect on their infinitely more important concerns. Besides, such a settlement must be most properly made when the mind and body are both at ease, and in their vigour; for when men are weak and in pain, their spirits hurried, and their thoughts confused, may they not make gross mistakes, be fatally forgetful; or how much contrary to justice, to their own more considerate intentions, may they in this weak state be over persuaded to do, by those who happen to be about them? Nay, they may be so very suddenly taken off, as to leave every thing in confusion:—in any of these cases, a heart-burning and contention may be raised among brethren or relations, more prejudicial to their happiness and interests,

interests, than his effects could possibly benefit them.

And here I must remark how very indecent, nay, cruel it is for children or friends to croak over a dying man, like so many hungry vultures watching for their prey. The good things of this world may have their value, yet are not of such very great importance, that the desire of them should banish every idea of justice, generosity, and family kindness; every gentler feeling, every regard to delicacy, every degree of commiseration of the sufferings, every pain at finally parting with a dying parent or friend, from a human breast.

N U M-

## NUMBER VIII.

## MODERN CHIVALRY.

Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode—a colonelling.

BUTLER.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

AS I dare say you would be sorry  
that our ancient rural custom of  
deciding quarrels by fifty-cuff, should  
be abolished to make way for the less  
manly, yet often more fatal squib-firing  
of the duelist, I hope you will please  
to

to insert the inclosed ballad, meant to  
ridicule an attempt of that kind in a  
peasant.

I am yours, &c.

POETASTER.

B A L L A D,

TUNE, CHEVY-CHASE.

My merry men, health to the king,

“Our lives and safeties all;”

A woeful “combat lately did”

On Tyne’s green banks befall.

A ploughboy of—Northumberland,

A whirly-whim did take,

That he would fight, like errant knight,

For very fightings sake.

Yet, trust me now, “it were a sin,”

His comely face to spoil,

With bloody nose, and black’ned eyes,

Marks of a vulgar broil.

So



So like true wight of quality,  
His foe he did defy;  
With sword and pistol arm'd complete,  
Their hardihood to try.

Then mounted on his gallant steed,  
"Most like a baron bold,"  
He seeks the foe—but none appears,—  
His courage swells tenfold.

Terrific, he parades the plain,  
Deriding all his foes;  
And with his pistol's loud reports,  
Fright all the—neighb'ring crows.

Thus when of old a lion fled,  
(So ancient fables say)  
'Twas but an ass—prick'd up his ears,  
Most manfully to bray.

I am

I am far from supposing the above ballad would stand the test of criticism, for although our poetaster has happily enough at the beginning, imitated the simplicity of his ancient model, he has in his latter stanzas quitted it, for the quaint wit of the epigram; yet I could not refuse to insert it. For I would indeed be very sorry that our country youths should look upon it as the point of honour to stand as a mark to be shot at. Notwithstanding the quarrelsome, who love "fighting better than their food," have generally sufficient thickness of skull to bear the hardest blows a simple fist can lay on, yet I doubt their pericraniums, tough as they are, might yield to the force of a leaden bullet. Instead of our imitating youths of quality, I wish these GENTLE people would rather adopt our customs; for as their honourable pates are full as strongly

strongly guarded with their bony shields, and their snowy fists would fall a little lighter than our rough plebeians do, their quarrels would be very harmless—nay, quite diverting to the ladies. However, I must make one remark before I quit this subject: which is, that whatever is truly great and honourable, will appear so, whoever is the actor of it; and whatever looks ridiculous in a peasant, wants only to be stripped of a false glare of grandeur, to seem equally contemptible in my lord.

Let us now enter into the fields of chivalry, which should yield a variegated scene of war and love. I shall fill up my paper with a little knight errantry of the latter kind, in an anecdote——no matter whether it is, or is not authentic.

A petty shop-keeper in a petty market town, not quite one hundred miles from

from that emporium of the North, Newcastle upon Tyne, was a great admirer of the ladies—or rather of their portions; the former was so much the theme of his discourse, and the latter the object of his enquiries, that he well merited the epithet, by which I shall here distinguish him, of Mr. What-has-she.

This same gentleman (Mr. What-has-she) received, per post, a billet-doux, intimating that a young lady, who flattered herself she was not disagreeable in person or manners, and who on coming to age, would be possessed of what would give an easy independency to the man of her choice, had seen him as he walked through such a street, on such a day, and where he knew he had that day been; that his appearance had so pleased her fancy, she could not be happy without further acquaintance, and if he  
would



would be so kind as to attend her upon the road, at a time she named, she would endeavour to escape from her guardian, and give him a meeting.

This was an affair too congenial with his romantic expectations, of some time captivating a woman of fortune, for him not to attend the welcome summons. He went, waited all day with the greatest anxiety, and was disappointed.

But behold, next post brought a second epistle. The lady was much obliged to him for the trouble she understood he had taken on her account, was very unhappy to have disappointed him, but had been so strictly watched, that she could not possibly escape at the time proposed; but if he would be so kind as to walk in that street of Newcastle where she had

first seen him, she would endeavour to speak to him.

Our hero once more attended the call of his fair incognita, walked the street backwards and forwards like a sentinel the whole day long; peeping at the windows, and watching the glances of every well dressed female who looked out at him, until night and weariness cut off all his hopes, and left him nothing but chagrin, mortification, and repeated disappointments.

His return home was followed by a third letter. She had but too well seen him: but (O cruel destiny!) her guardian had previously compelled her to give her hand to the man she hated; and as her husband, a rough and boisterous sea captain, had observed her confusion on seeing him, and his frequent walkings backwards and forwards before their house, he had

con-

conceived a jealousy, and she earnestly begged that for the sake of her peace, as well as his own safety, when his business called him to town, he would avoid coming near her dwelling.

After all, Mr. What-has-she gave credit to the fair unknown, and lamented her wayward fate. But some of my more sceptical readers will be more apt to imagine it a trick upon his vain credulity, perhaps by some portionless damfels, for such naturally hate a fortune-hunter, because—they are in no danger from his pursuits.

## N U M B E R IX.

## W E A L T H.

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold!  
 Gold that will make black white, foul fair,  
     wrong right;  
 Base noble, old young, cowards valiant!

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—place thieves,  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation  
 With senators on the bench.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the earth began to fill with  
 people, when they came to cul-  
 tivate different soils, and take to differ-  
 ent occupations, an exchange of com-  
 modities became necessary, at least con-  
 venient for the more pleasurable en-  
 joyments of life. This was at first done  
 by



by barter, or exchange of merchandize, until some one (the Greeks say Ericthon) thought of substituting gold and silver pieces as a common medium for buying and selling. This, besides its convenience in commerce, was expected to stimulate industry, since those portable pieces might be laid up as a provision for old age and infirmity; or if they needed it not, then it might be a bequest to their children: and so far as it served to promote honest industry and frugality, it was certainly of general use. But then as money, however gained, was equally efficient for the purchase of whatever was useful or pleasing, the artful and dishonest began to think of sinister means of procuring it; the indolent heir to live and support himself in idleness, upon what his ingenious, industrious, or frugal parents had stored up; and by an odd sort of

notion, the miser to debar himself of the necessaries of life, only that he might heap up what had no other value but its capability of procuring them for him.

As money became the common criterion by which every thing was valued, and as it began to accumulate more in particular hands than was useful to procure them necessaries, ingenuity set about fabricating luxuries to draw it out of the hands of the rich. Thus the manufacturer and merchant rose to respect, and estates and lordships became valued only according to the pecuniary profits which they yielded. Whoever had the money (as that alone could buy the necessaries and luxuries of life) had the industrious, the ingenious, the pander and the parasite at his devotion. And thus it is on the two great wants of this hungry and shivering animal, the human

man

man body, one of which sets a man on a level with the beasts of the field, and the other sinks him below them. On the hunger and nakedness of mankind, all the proud distinctions of human wealth and grandeur are founded. Yet has this wealth, this extraneous, this accidental merit, eclipsed every natural and personal perfection. The booby heir, who has inherited wealth from his ancestors; the pimp, or the parasite, the gamester or extortioner, or whatever knave can find out a legal way of picking pockets, whatever rascal can get wealth and escape the gallows, shall be respected, flattered and obeyed; while honesty and ingenuity, under the cloud of want, is overlooked and despised.

Yet, notwithstanding the numbers which it maintains in absolute idle-

ness, and the much more numerous class of people who are solely employed in administering to the luxuries of the rich, all of whom in effect have to live upon the labours of the husbandman, and really useful mechanic; notwithstanding all this, I do believe this wealth, this possession of private property, is of universal benefit; for the many arts to alleviate labour which ingenuity, spurred by the love of profit, and facilitated by men's confining their time and attention solely to their particular arts, has by degrees improved science and meliorated nature. The superior security of civilized life, has made it advantageous even to the very lowest class of people, who (at least in this free country) live much more eligibly than they could have done, in a savage and uncultivated state of nature: and there has been no instance



instance of civilization, nor do I believe it practicable, without a division, and personal possession of property.

It may be, perhaps, a much more serviceable enquiry, to consider how far the possession of this same wealth may be essential to happiness, and of course, how far it is, or is not, worthy the attention of a wise man. But this is too extensive a subject to be fully examined in this, so it must be referred to future speculations. In the mean time, let me observe, that so far as it is needful to procure, what habit has made necessities for ourselves and families, so far as it can be gained by honest and honorable means, it is certainly our duty to endeavour to procure it.

## NUMBER X.

## S P L E N D O R.

What riches give us, let us then enquire.

POPE

WHEN we behold the rich man feasting on his dainties, and the poor man at his scanty fare ; the rich clothed in filks and lace, and the poor covered with rags ; the rich passing away his time in ease, or in the pursuit of pleasure, and the poor confined to hard and constant labour ; the rich respected, flattered, and obeyed, while the poor are overlooked, despised, and

and oppressed. When we see all this, we may be tempted to accuse Providence of partiality ; but let us look a little deeper, and we shall be fully convinced of our error ; for if the poor man can be found to enjoy an equal means of being happy with the rich, pray where is the material difference ? And to make this out, we have only to examine the seeming advantages of wealth, with a mind unbiaſſed by prejudice, undazzled by the glitter of outward appearance.

Our appetites were given as an incitement to take our neceſſary food, and not as panders to luxurious pleaſure ; hence ſuch plain and ſimple diet as is natural to the country in which we reſide, and conſequently cheapeſt, when prepared in a clean, though an homely way, is fitteſt for nutrition, and therefore preferable to ſuch aliment as is vitiated by the arts

of cookery, which renders many things unwholesome, that are not so in their own nature; for by jumbling together a number of different ingredients, in order to give poignancy to the taste, the composition becomes almost a poison. "When I behold," says Mr. Addison, "a fashionable table, set out in  
"all its magnificence, I fancy I see  
"gouts and dropfies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable diseases  
"lying in ambuscade among the dishes." Besides which, the peasant whose stomach is sharpened by abstinence and exercise, feels more real pleasure at his homely board, than those whose habits are relaxed by luxury and indolence; who sit without appetite, beside a variety of sumptuous dishes—"And  
"envy thirst and hunger to the poor." It is true, a palate which has been vitiated by the use of highly seasoned dishes, would take ill with less tasteful food ;



food; and the stomach relaxed by a weak and delicate diet, can scarcely digest the coarser aliment : and such as have been used to keep up an artificial flow of spirits, by soaking wine or diluted brandies, would find themselves in an uneasy langour without their exhilarating glasses. What is necessary as to the fineness, or commonness of provisions, depends, therefore, entirely upon use and habit ; upon what common habit has made natural to us.

The next seeming advantage enjoyed by the rich, is their exemption from labour, and the greater opportunity they may have of pursuing their pleasures. Is not exercise as necessary to health, as our daily food ? and therefore it is wisely ordered by Providence, that, in a state of nature, no creature shall be able to procure the one without

out taking a sufficiency of the other. Man only, by means of riches, is enabled to break through this original law. A debilitated frame, and weakness of mind and body, are its fatal consequences. There are, perhaps, but too many who suffer from want, or are hurt by excessive labour; but much more numerous are those who are brought to premature deaths, or who languish under the misery of chronic disorders, the sad effects of luxury and indolence. And those who to escape

“ The pains and penalties of idleness,”

give into the pursuit of pleasure, will find it the most wearisome and disappointing of all employments: pleasure is a true coquetish female. When we fall into her company, as it were un-awares and by chance, she appears all smiles and delight; but if we begin to pursue

pursue her eagerly, to court her with care and assiduity, we find her cold and unsatisfying. But what is worst, her harlot sister vice, decked in her robes, misleads us into a fatal labyrinth, where every one who enters must taste of the bitter cup of misery. How dangerous is it then, to have too much of time and money at command!

As to dress, that magnificent and showy apparel answer their only necessary ends (the covering our nakedness and protecting us from the cold) no better than coarser and plainer clothes, is so very obvious a truth, as to need no argument; the only advantage then of wearing splendid robes, is that of the distinction and respect they may procure us: but although it obtains the outward appearance of respect, it in reality only exposes a man's character to a more public and  
severe

severe investigation ; and as the world is much more dexterous at finding out blemishes than beauties, the consequence is in general a severer censure. Besides which, a respect to which people have been much and long used, and which they have no consciousness of having personally merited, cannot yield them any great inward satisfaction. And as they still may see some above them, they will be more inclinable to envy these, than to build themselves a happiness by comparing their better state with those who are below them.

In reality, distinction of rank makes no distinction of happiness ; the peasant enjoys the little delicacies of his Sunday's dinner with as much satisfaction as an alderman does all the splendid luxuries of a city feast. Easter makes the milk maid full as happy in her new gown, as lady Augusta is in her birthday suit : and there are none so mean  
and



and lowly but they can find some little distinction, some self-gratification to satisfy the universal appetite of pride. Those who have the means of supporting themselves and families without difficulty, in such rank and manner (whatever that may be) as habit has made natural, enjoy every blessing it is in the power of riches to bestow.

NUM.

## N U M B E R XI.

## GENEROSITY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

— Passing rich, with forty pounds a year.

GOLDSMITH.

N Otwithstanding all I have said on the equality of riches and poverty as to happiness, there will be few but would be ready to cry out, with honest Roger, to their richer neighbours—

“ An estate like yours yields bra’ content.”

And most assuredly that man cannot be happy, he is indeed poor, who  
has

has not wherewithal to satisfy his wishes, or answer the calls of those appetites he longs much to indulge. If then poverty be the lack of a sufficiency to satisfy desire, it may be reckoned as of two sorts.

“ Want with a full and with an empty purse.”

And if we would keep clear of these we must keep clear of avarice and extravagance, for they are equally insatiate, and equally destructive of our peace.

Of all passions avarice is the most dangerous to indulge, as where it once gets hold, it never ceases to increase cares and fears, destroys all future prospects of happiness, and banishes every nobler passion, every thing that is grand and beautiful from the soul: besides which it eats so much into the very core of the heart, that age itself,  
which

which cools all other passions, strengthens this. I have often thought it remarkable that while the young, who may not have unreasonable hopes of a long life, and an uncertainty of what they may want, are generally careless of money, we see the aged, who have, as it were, one foot in the grave, and an almost certainty of a sufficiency for all their days, are notwithstanding much more anxious about that for which they never can have occasion. Is this an abuse of that holy avarice which should prompt us to lay up a treasure in heaven? Or is it so ordered by Providence, that the carefulness of age should be a check upon the thoughtless extravagance of the young?

Extravagance is not less destructive of a man's happiness than avarice; and if it be less hateful to the world in general, it is more pernicious to private families and intimate connections. It keeps a  
man



man always needy, always in want ; it goes beyond this, and compels the naturally generous and honest heart to be guilty of the meanest speculation. Thus extravagance and flashes of generosity, are not at all incompatible qualities in the same breast with the most rapacious avarice : indeed I never knew a prodigal who was not in some instances guilty of meanness. If you would look for the true generosity, you will probably find it among those who let not vanity or the love of pleasure keep them in perpetual necessity.

However paradoxical it might seem if we should say that a man with forty pounds a year is rich, and at the same time call one with twice as many thousands poor, yet this is certainly very often the case ; for whatever a man's income be, if he is satisfied therewith, and can limit his expences within its bounds, he is undoubtedly in happy circumstances.

cumstances. While he who avariciously pines for more, or whose extravagant expences stretch beyond what he has means to supply, however great his estate, is ever in poverty. Whatever they may possess, people, in reality, with regard to pecuniary circumstances, may be divided into three classes; those in thriving condition, whose annual income yields a saving beyond their usual expence; those who, perhaps with some difficulty, keep upon a balance; and those who run into greater expence than they have means to support without a decay of fortune.

Every one who can, without dishonesty or meanness, ought certainly to place himself upon the first class; for he who lays his ordinary expence at full par with his means of discharging it, will find many unforeseen contingencies coming upon him to stretch it beyond that bounds. Besides which, he  
who

who can advance the fortune of his family by fair and honourable means, acts a becoming part; industry and frugality are certainly commendable virtues, but care should be taken that they degenerate not into dishonest speculation, or avaricious meannesses.

But to the second class is, perhaps, as high as the greater part of mankind can possibly ascend; and such ought not to make themselves unhappy, but rely with confidence on that Providence which has hitherto supported them: those who have a seeming stable support for life, should be thankful; those who have not should not despair. It is foolish if not impious to anticipate misery, by fears of what the providential kindness of Heaven may prevent our ever feeling.

The case of the third sort is truly pitiable, if it proceed from absolute necessity; if from vanity or extravagance, their

their conduct is both absurd and criminal. This we shall consider as of two sorts, a man's selfish expensiveness, and family vanity and extravagance. The first of these, although it wear the public guise of sociableness and generosity, shews in reality a narrow, unfeeling selfishness of heart. For what can be more so, than for a man to reduce his wife and children to want, for the sake of indulging his own appetites and humours? And here I must desire our fair readers not to be caught by the seeming sprightliness, good nature and generosity of spendthrifts; for when they come to be united to them, they will find them just the reverse.

“ Abroad quite a good-natur'd whimsical elf,

“ At home as cross-grain'd as the devil himself.”

This is the common character of these gentlemen; the langour which follows a debauch,



debauch, makes them dull and unso-  
ciable; and the disorder they bring  
their affairs into, renders them fretful  
and peevish in the sober moments of  
reflection. Besides such will be ever  
ready to shift the fault from their own  
shoulders to their wife's, in the same stile  
(although not perhaps quite so absurdly)  
as the drunken fellow who swore his  
wife had beggared him with eating  
gingerbread and anniseeds. Nor is  
domestic extravagance less culpable. If  
it is in rich and delicate diet, it is ab-  
surd, as plainer food is more wholesome,  
and use will make it full as palatable.  
If in dress and appearance; when that is  
above people's known abilities, instead  
of gaining respect, it only makes them  
ridiculous.

It is certainly highly imprudent to  
dissipate that in our youth, which should

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F

support

support us in old age; and it is an act of cruel and unnatural injustice, to waste that which should be a provision for our children. What a misfortune it is to our nature, that the very thing which perhaps would not have made us happy in the possession, may yet make us miserable by its loss. An estate having been wrenched from a family by the extravagance of an ancestor, may add a bitterness to poverty, even to the third or fourth generation.

The art, then, by which a great part of mankind may be sufficiently rich, is to pursue their business with care and vigilance, and to limit their desires and expences within the bounds of their incomes.

## NUMBER XII.

## C H A R I T Y.

Oh Belvidera !

Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,  
Is at our heels, and chaces us in view.

OTWAY.

THAT poverty is a real evil, and that too many are under its baleful influence, must be equally certain and melancholy truths ; and whether they be genteel people reduced to indigence, the laborious (by age, sickness, or any other means) disabled from earning their bread, or even the vagrant

F 2

poor,

poor, they are most assuredly objects of compassion.

Their being brought up in ease, and pampered with delicacies, their having acquired a taste for elegance and grandeur, certainly must give a double sharpness to the tooth of poverty. Those parents then, who bring up their children in such a style, as they can have no reasonable hope to subsist themselves in through life, are surely guilty of an injustice towards their posterity. Every one, almost, forms ambitious projects for his children, and if he possibly can, exempts them from labour. We look upon "earning our bread by the sweat of our brow," as a curse indeed; yet on the labour of the industrious all must in effect subsist. And were I sent in search of health and happiness, I would certainly look for them in the house of the laborious peasant. By a wrong notion of education,



tion, every genteel profession or business is overstocked, and we too frequently see those in want, who might have enjoyed health and plenty in an humbler station. If there be many who run into this error with regard to their sons, there are yet more who do so by their daughters. Young women have mostly a natural turn for elegance, and are easily led into a degree of it beyond what becomes their situation; which besides making them uneasy, and disqualifying them for their humble lot, refinement of sentiment, and a taste for polite conversation, may lead them into dangerous company; it being the misfortune of that delicate and tender sex, that the most amiable accomplishments, nay, the most endearing virtues of the soul, are but too frequently the occasion of their ruin.

F 3

A brave

“ A brave man struggling in adversity,” (says Seneca) “ is a fight on which the gods themselves look down with an approving pleasure;” and surely a person brought up in ease and elegance, submitting cheerfully to the toil and hard fare of penury, is a no less pleasing, though melancholy object. This humility and contentedness of mind, is what the unfortunate should endeavour to bring themselves to; and if they set resolutely about it, the task will become every day more easy, and less irksome to their feelings. The consciousness of their degradation, their jealousy of being over-looked, and the rebuffs they meet with, will perhaps give them more pain than any thing besides: for which reason, as such are extremely quick at observing the least slight, I have always thought it my duty to be particularly careful of shewing a want of respect or attention towards

wards any acquaintance, friend, or relation in reduced circumstances. This is a beneficence which costs us nothing, and yet may help to sooth distress, where an actual largess would be an affront. But those who can do it, without hurting themselves and families, should certainly in some cases carry the effects of their benevolence further; as nothing can be so grateful to a feeling heart, than to be able to prop or rebuild the fortune of a deserving, but unfortunate friend. Yet instead of being a proper act of charity, it is in reality injustice to a man's self and children, to run the least hazard of hurting his own circumstances, to support the extravagance, mismanagement, or even bad fortune of another. In particular, I would wish to enforce the caution of Solomon, of the danger of being "surety for a friend, of entering into security by bonds."

While the man who has been insured to labour from his childhood, preserves his health and can find employment, there is perhaps no state of life more happy ; such is that greatest blessing marked by the Psalmist as the reward of the good man, " Thou shalt  
" eat the labours of thine hands, thy  
" wife shall be as the fruitful vine, thy  
" children like young olive branches  
" round about thy table." But such people too frequently want either the power or discretion to lay any thing up as a guard against contingencies; so that when sickness or old age comes upon them, they become, perhaps, the most proper objects of compassion and charity. It is chiefly for the relief of such, that the beneficence of our laws has provided a parochial maintenance. And here I must remark with what reluctance that subsistence is now given, as if one who is disabled by Providence to provide for himself,



himself, perhaps after having spent the flower of his days in useful labour, and brought up a large family, all becoming serviceable members to society, were not better intitled to such support, than he is to his estate, who claims it only as the (probable) descendant of the first purchaser. Yet I must commend it as a spirited action, to poor people, that they strive to live independent, that they endeavour to lay up a fund against the day of distress, the fruit of their own labours; or if that cannot be, that they join societies or clubs, calculated for mutual support; institutions, which (if only extended in their scale, so as to be in no danger of failing) can scarcely be too much commended.

Although common beggars are a common nuisance, although they are too frequently thieves and pickpockets, yet are they most assuredly objects of

compassion. It is common to bid a young and lusty beggar go work, but where, alas ! shall a poor wretch brought up in idleness, covered with dirty rags, and crawling with vermin, find employment ? There is certainly some deficiency in the police of a country which suffers those to continue pests, who might be made useful members of society. But this is the business of the legislator and the magistrate : there still must be sufficient objects for the exercise of private charity ; yet the great ones, and the wise ones must excuse me, I know not how to wish my honest neighbours should shut up the bowels of compassion against the miseries of any fellow creature.

There is no virtue which gives a man so much the resemblance of his beneficent Creator as charity ; and although this, as well as every other expence, should be regulated by prudence, yet  
he

he who can spare nothing for the relief of the poor and needy, from avarice neglects laying up a fund of heartfelt satisfaction, much more valuable than a bag of guineas, if as an epicure, he misses the most delectable feast human nature is capable of tasting.

I have often wondered, with Fielding, that men of large estate, who must of necessity spend a great part of their income, in what can yield no other enjoyment but satisfying their vanity in catching the gaze of the world; I have wondered they did not give more, if it were but to the ostentation of charity; for surely no buildings, equipages, dresses, or the long &c's. of gay vanity can gain them so universal an applause as this: but few, alas! have that true taste, as to display the beauty of beneficence, or the grandeur of humility. When my heart has bled for distresses

a few pounds could have relieved, I have envied the rich man his superfluous gold ; but the necessary etiquette of their rank, their necessary attendants, necessary luxuries and vices, keep them generally sufficiently necessitous ; and I who censure them, to what height might not my already too warm passions have risen in the hot-bed of opulence ? Wealth in my hands, instead of endeavouring to

“ Wipe off every tear from every eye.”

might have become a pander to vice, a seducer of innocence. If so, thanks to that all wise and all gracious Providence which has placed me in an humbler station.

N U M.



## N U M B E R XIV.

## R E S I G N A T I O N.

Be satisfied and pleased with what thou art ;  
Act cheerfully and well the allotted part ;  
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,  
And neither fear or wish the approaches of the  
last.

COWLEY, from MARTIAL.

THAT restless disposition of mankind, ever in eager expectation of new and fancied pleasures, or in dread of distant and uncertain pains, has frequently been the subject of both moral and satirical animadversion ; yet this disposition

disposition was certainly necessary, to give activity to sluggish nature, to make us act our parts with spirit and propriety in this world, as well as to let us see this is not our final place of rest, but that we must fit ourselves for a more stable and lasting habitation.

How far this is the case with regard to worldly œconomy, we cannot miss observing. It is this which rouses us from our lethargy, sets us in pursuit of pleasures, riches, and distinctions, or at least makes us labour to avoid pain, want, and disgrace: and in a world into whose service we are impressed by the hand of nature, and must have a part to sustain, this active spirit must be useful, and if properly regulated, so as not to militate against our virtue, nor too much infringe upon our peace, its exertions are certainly laudable and highly to be commended. This due regulation seems to consist in our being content as to generals,

rals, and only so far anxious with regard to particulars as may prompt us to exert ourselves in conducting them properly. Not to fret for what is past and irremediable, nor too much to dread apprehended dangers, which that apprehension cannot help us to avoid; but to be anxiously active in improving advantages which are improvable, and in remedying evils which may be remedied. Thus, to illustrate what I have been saying by a very familiar example, it is foolish, nay wicked, (as arraigning the wisdom or justice of Providence) to repine because your lands are narrow in bounds, badly situated, or the soil naturally sterile; but it is a serviceable anxiety you feel on account of their bad state of cultivation, provided it induce you to make an improvement.

But then that anxiety we feel for the having such and such things properly conducted, when we have done our best

best towards the accomplishment of our wish, should there stop; we should endeavour to do our duty towards ourselves, our relatives in every degree, the world at large, and then patiently submit to the will of Heaven. But Fretulus (who is ingenious, industrious and frugal, honest, humane and charitable) has suffered this overgrown anxiety to gain so much upon him, that although it has made him rich, it has likewise made him very unhappy: he is always on the tenter-hook of care, always in a fret, always uneasy: his excess of eagerness has made him hasty and peevish in his temper, and while his heart feels for every one, and he is often with the first to relieve the wants of his fellow creature, yet is he generally looked upon as morose and severe. While on the other hand, the honest and humane, but easy, weak and slothful Indolus, is at once despised, and yet beloved



beloved by every acquaintance. His fortunes are fallen into decay, but that has not destroyed his indolent happiness; he is happier, and perhaps wiser than Fretulus: yet surely the pains of want, and prospect of an impoverished family, although it cannot rouse him from his lethargy, must give a secret sting to his peace. Something methinks of a medium betwixt these two characters might form a wise and happy man, and such is Constantius.

Constantius is active and discreet, honest and humane, and to give a relish to the whole, chearful and good-humoured. When business calls, he is attentive, active and vigilant, and nothing can take him from it, or cause his thoughts to wander: and then, sensible that he has done his duty, he can enjoy his hours of relaxation with entire satisfaction. This regularity, and the consciousness of acting properly, makes

makes him go through his business with ease and good-humour; and a firm reliance upon, and perfect resignation to the dispensations of Providence, has taught him to bear unavoidable misfortunes with patience, and to receive the smiles of success with temperance.

Constantius was, perhaps, never guilty of any great imprudence, except once, and he found its worst effect. In order to set a younger brother forward in the world, he entered too deeply into engagements: the young man failed, and the fortunes of Constantius were almost ruined: he submitted to his loss with patience, sold his freehold, occupied a small farm, and cheerfully set himself to labour. Yet then one might first perceive a little pride in his disposition; for when he thought himself slighted by any acquaintance, a rather scornful smile, mixed with a kind of self-

self-consciousness, would play upon his countenance.

By frugality and industry, he had reinstated himself in tolerable circumstances, when an uncle, who had early in life taken a trip to the Indies, had now realized a very considerable fortune, turned it into cash, and was returning with it to his native country, but died on the voyage, leaving Constantius his sole heir. Constantius was far from verifying the proverb, "Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil." As he fell with decent dignity, he rose with modesty and discretion. As his misfortunes first shewed he could be a little proud, so his exaltation first made him completely humble. As he overlooked no old acquaintance, none of them envied his prosperity; and as he pretended not to vie with people of rank in splendour and expence, instead of courting their  
ac-

acquaintance, and being laughed at and despised, he met with respect and attention from them: every degree of people acknowledged that he deserved his good fortune; while the poor and helpless, the aged and infirm, the widow and the orphan, blessed the day which first made Constantius a man of opulence.

But how are we to obtain that equanimity of mind, independent of the smiles or frowns of fortune? How are we to gain that content of heart, that true taste of pleasure, which in all conditions of life has been the lot of Constantius? By imitating his conduct, by not longing for what we cannot obtain, by not repining under burthens which we cannot remove; by making the consciousness of having discharged our duty—our business, our pleasure, and even in hours of relaxation,



tion, rather seeking by our kindness and complacence to transfuse delight, to make others pleased and happy, than to seek for selfish gratification ; but above all, to keep a conscience void of offence before both God and man. This conduct will yield us a fund of delight, a perpetual feast of soul, ten thousand times more delicious than the most refined entertainments of the voluptuary.

No earthly state can be so happy, but that the restless mind may find out some causes of uneasiness ; either a something which gives trouble, or a " something unpossessed : " nor is there any lot so mean and wretched, but there may be something found in it to comfort and solace the heart. Hope and fear help to keep up the balance : there may be pain even in excess of pleasure ; and there is a " joy of grief,"  
a lux-

a luxury in woe, a kind of self-pity, which soothes and sheaths the pangs of sorrow. Possession fatiates and deadens our taste of the most desired pleasure; and use and habit familiarizes us to misfortunes, and blunts the sting of grief. It would only be a Stoic's rant, to say pain is no evil, or pleasure not to be desired. Yet I do believe there is less difference than is generally imagined in the opportunities of being happy, which depend more upon moral conduct, and the temper of the mind, than on our fortunes in the world. There is, I believe, an art of being happy, which consists chiefly in viewing whatever affects us on the brightest side; in keeping our hearts humble, and suppled to whatever may befall us, and resolving not to let every cross accident rob us of our peace; in not setting our hearts too much on any thing temporary,

rary, but placing our chiefest hope on that, of which we can never know a disappointment.

NUM.

NUMBER XIV.

V I R T U E.

Say, is there aught, on which, completely blest,  
 Fearless and full, the raptur'd mind may rest ?  
 Is there aught constant ? or if it ought there be,  
 Can varying man be pleas'd with constancy ?

NUGENT.

TO whatever being the Almighty  
 fiat has given a sense, a feeling of  
 pleasure and pain, these pleasures or  
 pains must in their different degrees  
 be of consequence. But in brutes this  
 seems to be entirely confined to their  
 animal feelings ; they do not appear  
 to have any uneasy longings, but what  
 im-



immediately prompts to the search of food, or occasionally to the propagation of their species, and these generally lead to a speedy gratification: their pains are merely bodily, and as they know no arts of luxury, no abuses of nature, their bodily disorders are much less frequent and severe, than those are which afflict the wretches of human kind. So far as we can perceive, a great part of their time is spent, either in a perfect easy stillness of mind, unchecked by care, remorse, or anxiety. But man, the thinking creature man, if we take away his hopes of immortality, unless we consider him as in a state of probation for a better world, is in a much less happy situation than the cattle which are carelessly grazing in his fields. "Man cares for

" all:" the horse and the ox, it is true, share in the labours of the farmer, but that toil once over, they

rest carelefs and eafy, while he is fighting for that rain which falls not, or trembling at the rifing of the winds.

If we examine it to the bottom, we fhall find a great part of human uneafinefs, nay, mifery, proceeds entirely from what brutes (happily enough for their nature and fituation) are quite free from—I mean thought and reflection. It is thefe which call up dormant cares, it is thefe which are always hatching frefh caufes of difquiet, it is thefe which are ever alarming us with fears of diftant evil, or filling us with fallacious hopes, and anxious longings for uncertain and unftubstantial pleasures. It is thefe which fhould tell us (by letting us fee there is nothing earthly, on which our hopes can be finally fixed) that our place of reft is not in this world, but that we fhould look forward to another.

While

While our views are confined to earth, under what name, in what shape shall we hunt after thee, O happiness? Shall it be in pursuit of greatness? of riches? a pursuit which will fill us with constant anxiety, and give us perpetual causes of fretful uneasiness. No acquisition can yield us perfect contentment; we become either satiate and weary of our prize, or else are insatiate in pursuing it further. That anxious minuteness of attention, which was necessary to raise us above poverty, instead of leaving us when we no more need it, pursues and grows upon us when we are become rich. That disposition of mind, which was at first our useful slave, becomes at last our cruel and unconquerable tyrant, the plunderer of our latest hopes of peace and happiness.

Or shall we seek for bliss in the deceitful form of pleasure? Shall we

purſue a very phantom? Pleaſure is indeed a true coquet. If we place our principal deſire upon ſome ſuperior object, the diſcharge of our duties, or the exerciſe of our beneficence, ſhe will frequently pay us a cheering viſit: but if we pay our court to her alone, although ſhe tantalizes us with her ſiren ſmiles, and ſwells our diſtant and fallacious hopes, yet when we preſs her for preſent enjoyments, we find her a cold unſatisfying lump; or if ſhe yield us a little temporary delight, what are the fruits of it but ſatiety, uneaſineſs, want, diſeaſe, and a too late remorse!

Shall we then ſeek for our content in apathy? Shall we retire to cells or grottos, there to ſuffer all the weary uneaſineſſes of doing nothing? Or ſhall we ſeek refuge in ſtudy, give ourſelves



felves up to all the painful toil of thinking,

“ And find no end, in wandering mazes lost ? ”

No, rather let us put our trust in virtue. Yet can she, mere portionless virtue, secure our bliss ? Can she guard us from misfortune, or from pain ? Must not her votaries ever be in trembling fear of losing her ; ever in anxious care to guard against the alluring snares of vice ? What then, is not virtue the legitimate child of heaven, or must she lose her portion, her reward ?

No surely—by that order in the nature of things which the great Creator has established among his works, temperance, justice, and beneficence have a direct tendency to the securing particular and general happiness, and therefore must be the true transcript of the

Eternal Mind. Most assuredly overruling Providence makes use of the vices of the wicked, as well as the virtues of the good, to forward its supreme decrees ; but the conduct of the good directly, and voluntarily tend to answer the just and beneficent purposes of their God ; but that of the wicked is an indirect, a controuled, an unintentional compliance with his sacred will.

And although virtue cannot secure us perfect, or even sometimes comparative happiness in this world, we have not only an oracular, but a natural revelation of that reward which shall attend it hereafter : for the aspiring soul (which can exercise its faculty of thinking, launch in idea beyond this material world, and have unbounded prospects of futurity) proudly tells its earthly tabernacle, it claims an independency of subsistence, nor will give  
up

up its being, when that is mouldering into dust; and if so, what temper, what situation of mind will naturally make a pure spiritual being happy, when deprived of the pleasures, as well as pains of sensation, in the visible presence of an incomparably supreme God, surrounded by myriads of beings, happy in their grateful adoration? Can the soul sunk in sensuality, or full of aspiring pride, or swelling with envy and rancour, or can the sour religious bigot enjoy a scene like this? Satan may mix with the sons of God, his local situation may be the same with theirs; but while he retains the temper of a devil, he must have the feelings too. But humility, gratitude, and benevolence qualify the soul for spiritual bliss; these are the habiliments which must distinguish us as denizens of heaven. I think, then, we may

conclude with the wife and virtuous  
Addifon.

—————If there's a Pow'r above us,  
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud,  
Thro' all her works) he must delight in virtue,  
And that which he delights in must be happy.

NUM-



## NUMBER XV.

## P L E A S U R E.

Gentle, idle, trifling boy,  
Sing of pleasure, sing of joy.

NUGENT.

THERE are, perhaps, no greater enemies to the cause of religion and virtue than those morose and austere people, who give the name of vice to every harmless pleasure; for they fright the young and cheerful from endeavouring to pursue the paths of virtue, obliging them to believe that they should give up every satisfaction of life. In reality it is

not the part of religion and reason to destroy the passions, but to regulate them ; not to deprive us of the flowers of pleasure, but to teach us so to pluck them, as to escape the wounding thorn.

For my part, I have found the ray of the divinity working as visibly within me, in an assembly of the young and gay, as in any other moment of my life : for to what else can we impute that expanding of soul, which as it were, embraces, and builds its satisfaction upon the apparent happiness of our fellow creatures. It would make one smile to see what pains some rigid divines have taken, to excuse the kindly behaviour of our blessed Saviour, in changing water into wine at a marriage feast : they might as well have apologized for the Creator of the vine, “ whose feed was in itself.” Whatever they may think, to me it is a pleasing object

ject, to contemplate the divine person, visibly, and in full beatitude of spirit, administering to the innocent cheerfulness of his creatures. No person surely can be so absurd, as to think he would contribute to a debauch: yet hence the four hypocrites of the day, might take occasion to cry out, "Behold a gluttonous person, and a wine-bibber, a companion of publicans and sinners."

In a religious light, we are restrained from such actions as are repugnant to the will of God; in moral rectitude, from such as are abusive to our own bodies, or unjustly injurious to our fellow creatures: neither of these in effect laying any restraint upon us, but which is really advantageous, even in what regards our happiness in this world. To see how far our passions ought to be indulged, we should consider the purposes for which they were planted in us.

So far as they contribute to the answering that end, they certainly may be very innocently complied with; but the moment they stretch beyond their proper bounds, in search of wanton pleasure, they become vices, and in the very nature of things carry with them their own punishment. Thus in addition to the compulsive cravings of hunger, we are given the pleasures of taste, alluring us to take the necessary sustenance, to repair and keep in due vigour our ever wasting frame; and so far as is proper to answer that end, our appetites should be indulged; but if we are guilty of excess and luxury, either by over-loading, and so hurting the digestive powers of the stomach, or by feeding (for sake of pleasing the taste) on such over-rich provisions, as may convey the poison of disease into the blood, we at once sin against our Creator and ourselves; by abusing that body he has  
com-



committed to our care, and are by natural and physical causes the immediate authors of our own misery.

Excess in every thing is criminal and unnatural; our organs were formed for gentle and moderate feelings, and if we frequently put them to the utmost stretch of their sensations, we must soon deprive them of their powers. Thus cheerfulness gives a health-preserving flow to the spirits; but the end of excessive mirth and laughter, is heaviness and an uneasy langour. A moderate and occasional use of generous liquors, with the addition of cheerful and agreeable company, may revive the wasted spirits, and make the "draught of life" go sweetly down; but by frequent or excessive use of these, we hurt digestion, weaken the frame, inflame the blood, render it unfit for circulation, or giving nourishment to the body, destroy the power of the nerves,

nerves, and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces. There have been instances of men's tastes so impaired by the too free and common use of spirits, that the strongest brandy has become to them as insipid as common water; and the raising frequently an unnatural flow of spirits, ends at last in a more or less degree of stupefaction. Nay, even love, that "cordial drop" of life, if instead of leading us into a virtuous connection, it draws us into lewd and promiscuous amours,

"Preys on itself, and doth itself destroy."

Besides the surprizingly numerous and various diseases, to which lasciviousness is the introducer; its natural consequence must be an early impotence; but a yet more serious consideration it is, that the intemperance or lewd-

lewdness of a parent, too frequently entails the misery of disease upon his innocent, but unfortunate children.

Another consideration which should regulate our pleasurable pursuits, is what share of time and expence our situation in life will allow us to bestow upon them, without transgressing against the laws of discretion. He who to satisfy his desire of a few hours dissipation, exposes himself to want, and anxiety of mind, perhaps for weeks, certainly makes too dear a purchase. There surely are gratifications to be found in the calmer blessings of domestic life, which more than compensate for any sacrifices of dissipated pleasure it may be necessary to make for them.

Such of you, then, as are candidates for pleasure, need not fear to enlist into the service of religion, for "her yoke is easy, and her burthen is light." You  
should

should pursue the steps of virtuous wisdom; for "her ways are the ways  
" of pleasantness, and all her paths  
" are peace."

NUM-



## NUMBER XVI.

## H O N E S T Y.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

THERE is, perhaps, no character more universally claimed than honesty; every one who can bid defiance to judge, jury, and jack-ketch, pretends to it. The usurer and extortioner, who, to swell their unnecessary heaps, rob the unfortunate poor of their sufficiency of bread; the tricking tradesman, who will not spare a few lies to set his wares off; the person in trust, who considers his employer's interest

interest so much the same with his own, as to make slight mistakes in paying out of the one's pocket, and receiving into the others; the lawyer, who legally fleeces his client; the gamester, who picks pockets by help of cards and dice, who cannot spend a few minutes with a friend or acquaintance, but he must be very generously endeavouring to rob him of his property; all these would be very much affronted not to be thought honest men: unless by the cut of their coat, the impudent freedom of their address, and their rashness in facing a bullet, they think themselves gentlemen, then indeed they are above simple honesty—they are men of honour!—

But if we were so unfashionable, as to judge by that strict rule, we may have read, when we were bible-scholars, “Do to others as you would they should do to you;” the case might

might perhaps be a little altered, and an honest man, found to be one of the rarest characters in life. It is a maxim in law, "that a man must be just, before he can be generous;" and in reason it ought to be so; but most people would rather have the praise of generosity, than enjoy the conscious satisfaction of being honest. Yet certainly the latter is both the more useful and honourable virtue of the two. If difficulty add value to a prize, there is no science so difficult to learn, as the art of judging impartially between ourselves and others: no lawyer ever made use of so many quibbles in Westminster-Hall, as that little rogue self does, to deceive the judging conscience, in what may not improperly be called the exchequer chamber of the human breast.

In a state of civil society, where the benefits of private property are admitted  
as

as a spur to industry, and where a mutual intercourse and exchange of commodity is necessary to subsistence, honesty must always be reckoned among the first and cardinal virtues ; as on that depends all security of mutual confidence betwixt man and man. It is, indeed, so important a quality, that did it reign in every breast, most of the mischiefs and misfortunes which we see in the world might be avoided : as on the other hand, if it were entirely banished out of human nature, all would instantly become confusion and riot. But neither of these are the case with the world in general, nor, indeed, with scarce any one person in it ; the very best men cannot entirely divest themselves of partiality to self, and the worst are not free from some controul of conscience. Even highwaymen pride themselves in honourable dealings with their gang. Society, even  
among



among robbers, could not subsist without a species of honesty.

Thus important is honesty to society, nor is it less beneficial to the individual. He who pursues the straight road of rectitude, although it may expose him to some difficulties, which a little winding might seemingly avoid, and leads him from some pleasant looking paths, yet will find it much to his advantage, upon the whole, in his journey through life; for an honest man has the better of the knave in prospect of success, and the certainty of greater satisfaction of mind. He who builds his fortune upon the rock of honesty, although he meets with rebuffs and disappointments to retard his progress, although the storms of fate dash down his rising fabric, yet will the foundation remain secure: but he who builds upon the quicksand of deceit, however skilful his architecture,  
however

however well one part seems to support another ; yet should the smallest mistake happen, or the weakest pillar give way, his artificial fabric falls, for ever buried in the filthy gulf beneath. How frequently do we see ingenuity under the load of poverty and contempt, for want of nothing but an honest heart to gain the confidence of the world ; while plain, blunt honesty has raised itself by slow, but sure degrees, to opulence and respect.

Although this be not always the case, as indeed it is not ; although we see the good and virtuous under the load of misfortune, or the lash of calumny ; although we see the successful villain flourishing in wealth and grandeur, and enjoying (if not the esteem) the adulation of the world ; yet if we look into the feelings of the heart, we shall find the honest  
is

is the happier man. Although the villain could divest himself of every sting of conscience, of every

“Dread of something after death;”

yet the anxiety which is attendant on artifice, the perpetual dread of deceit being discovered, and the disappointment of finding that pleasure even in success, which was expected, must ever dash the joys of that heart, which can never look into its self with pleasure, or triumph in the consciousness of its integrity. And if vice, even amidst success, is unhappy, what must be its misery, its despondency, when it falls from its height of grandeur; when it meets with that scorn and contempt it merited amidst success, but which only attends it in misfortune? But whether fortune smile or frown, the virtuous  
and

and honest man, has a resource in his own conscious rectitude; he may, indeed, be unfortunate, but cannot be quite unhappy; he may be poor and lowly, but can never be contemptible.

As a general remark drawn from this and my former speculation, I think it may be observed, that the laws of religion and morality lay us under no restraint, but those that are in effect for our own particular advantage; for "honesty is the best policy," and even in this world, vice as well as "virtue is its own reward."

N U M-



## N U M B E R    X V I I .

## THE DARLING PASSION.

Follies, if uncontroul'd, of every kind,  
Grow into passions, and subdue the mind;  
With sense and reason hold superior strife,  
And conquer honor, nature, fame and life.

MOORE.

AS every man was intended to form  
some link in the great chain of  
social life, where order and convenience  
are supported by variety, hence are  
they by nature endowed not only with  
different talents and capacities, but  
with as different tempers and inclina-  
tions. And it is as these are duly regu-

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lated

lated by reason, prudence, justice and virtue, or left to run the wild career of uncontrouled passion, that we behold the good man or the bad. Hence, although we ought to cultivate our particular talents and inclinations, as it is only in this our natural sphere that we can figure with eclat, yet we should be particularly careful not to suffer them to lead us into excess; for what in moderation is innocent, or even a virtue, may, in its extreme, become a vice. Thus the painful and dexterous man of business should take care he becomes not a miser, or dishonestly cunning; the lively and generous that they become not rakes and spendthrifts; and the amorous, that they sink not into lewdness.

Every one is ready to condemn those vices of which he thinks himself free, but would fain excuse those of which he knows he has his share. We are  
all

all like the honest Parish Clerk, who gave his hearty amen to all the anathemas of the commination, until the Parson pronounced "Curfed is he who "lieth with his neighbour's wife;" to which, for certain private reasons, being unwilling to give his assent, he deliberately and prudently rejoined, "Nay—a—a—then."

We are but too apt to give indulgence to those passions which are our favourites, and think it some amends to keep free from vices, to which we have no inclination. We would fain believe that the gratifying one folly cannot condemn, and yet, perhaps, in this lies our whole trial. If, by the kindness of Heaven, I have an honest means of procuring the necessaries of life, and so much sound common sense, as to value riches only as they really are useful; what merit is it in me that I do not covet or steal? And if my

temper be not irascible, and no man has maliciously injured me, what should make me hate or injure another? But if I have some darling appetite to gratify, and to please it sacrifice every consideration of prudence, justice and religion, am not I (so far as it has pleased Heaven to try me) a foolish, immoral and impious man?

By keeping our passions under due controul, they become every day less troublesome; but, by indulgence, they as daily gather strength, and if they be allowed their full length of rein, they will soon lead us into such excesses, they will so warp our reason as to make us at last unfeeling, and render us guilty of such actions, as, in our more innocent state, we would have shuddered at the very thoughts of. We become not only hardened in our first kind of sin, but one vice is often introductory of others, and we are led, nay almost compelled to  
commit



commit such crimes as are most repugnant to our natural disposition, and distressing to the feelings of our hearts. Thus are the generous and kind, by running into extravagancies, and so involving themselves in difficulty and distress, forced to become mean, fawning, deceitful, and unjust: and into what shocking scenes of lewdness or cruelty has not drunkenness led the naturally virtuous and good natured man!

Virtue is of herself so lovely, and vice so naturally loathsome to the human heart, that no man methinks could endure the consciousness of wanting the one, and shame of being slave to the other, did we not deceive ourselves by giving false names to things. Thus extravagance is called contempt of avarice, and avarice dislike to luxury and waste. Lewdness is called gallantry, and drunkenness good fellowship; or else

we draw a veil over our own deformity of manners, by making partial comparisons betwixt ourselves and others, as thinking it a kind of negative virtue, that we are not quite so bad as they.

Another way people comfort themselves under a consciousness of their present iniquity, is, by their hopes of future amendment; but that vice which we will not, or cannot conquer to-day, will be yet worse to subdue to-morrow. Passion, by being indulged continually, gathers strength, while our power of resistance must naturally grow weaker. It is one great proof of the immortality of the human soul that our passions and desires decay not always with our bodily powers to gratify them. How will the spirits of decrepid age revive, when talking of what was the darling pride or pleasure of youth. How will the drunkard repine for liquors, now become tasteless

less in his mouth ; and the lascivious man,

“ Still to his mistress hies with feeble knees.”

It is this consideration which has induced some, with great apparent reason, to believe that it will be in extremity of these never-to-be-gratified, these ever-longing, ever-despairing desires, that the future punishment of the wicked is to consist : this, with the conscious dread of an offended God, a mind robbed of every hope, of every virtue, and tortured with malicious envy, rage and despair, will be indeed a worm which never dies ; nor needs there to complete misery lakes of sulphur or a local fire.

Let none of us, then, indulge our desires further than they are perfectly innocent ; but from this yet-existing moment let us, by the grace of God, en-

deavour to live the life of the righteous,  
and then our latter end may be like  
his.

NUM-



## NUMBER XVIII.

## RELIGION.

Religion, blushing, veils its sacred fires,  
And unawares morality expires.

POPE.

**I**N some former papers, I have endeavoured to establish the good names of temperance, justice, and beneficence, by shewing their efficacy in securing us the pleasures and advantages of life; and in doing this, have argued chiefly on political, moral, and

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philosophical principles, only just glancing on religious considerations as I passed along: not that I looked upon these as less sacred or essential, but fancied if I could first gain favour for moral virtue on its own account, and establish an alliance between that and men's expectations of sublunary happiness, they would be the more ready to receive the impressions of faith; for nothing, I think, can disincline people towards the great truths of revelation, but the very false notion, that if they give themselves up to its directions, they must forfeit all the pleasures of life. But I shall now endeavour to shew how essential a regard to religion is, to the preservation of our moral rectitude, and of course, to the pleasure, interest, and happiness, of this life, as well as to the hopes of a blessed immortality.

The

The first great inducement the mere moral man, however wise and considerate, can have towards observing a virtuous conduct, is that prudent and penetrating regard to his own worldly interest, which instructs him to sacrifice present ease or pleasure, to forego present trivial advantages, for the sake of securing, or preserving, more solid or lasting views of interest or happiness. These, in general, a wise man of this world will be ready to admit; and, perhaps, on common occasions practise. But when worldly interest, or pleasure, are the sole inducements which guide his conduct, and opportunities of seeming great advantages offer, or when great distresses hem him in, and nothing but a little stepping aside is likely to gain his point, or relieve him, it will, I doubt, prove too hard a trial for mere moral rectitude: and then, if once a man leaves

the direct road of reason, nothing but a series of fraud can support him in his new track of deceit; which, in the end, must overturn his principles, and forfeit all the advantages of his former honest behaviour. So, although he may be ready to acknowledge the general advantages of temperance and chastity, yet when great temptations offer, he will think a little deviation cannot hurt him, and then if passion is once indulged, it becomes the more frequent and strong in its attacks, and he is the weaker to resist, so that at length he sinks into the abyss of excess; and even reason is so perverted, as to hide our disgrace and corruption from ourselves. But the religious man is just and virtuous, because it is pleasing to his God, he fears to do evil, because it offends his Creator, and has an invariable rule of conduct which no contingency can alter,



alter, nor temporary expedient efface.

Another worldly motive, is the care of reputation, of preserving the good opinion of our fellow creatures; but when this is our only incentive to goodness, our only restraint from vice, and opportunities offer of sinning in secret; when we think our crimes may be hid from the world, shall we not be too ready to cease the occasion, until by frequent indulgences of this sort, our deceit is discovered, and our idol, reputation, is lost? Besides which, custom gives latitude to many of the worst and most hurtful vices: when we see many in the same predicament, shame will cease. And then, perhaps, if we really act the most virtuously for the sake of reputation, envy and calumny may rob us of that reward. But if our great view be repute in the sight of an omniscient God, no  
deceit

deceit or secrecy can hide our evil deeds from him; he sees our sittings down, and our uprisings; our conduct by day, and our secret thoughts by night: to be pure in his eyes, we must be pure, and if we are so, no calumny can defile us, with him "no malice can blacken, or ignorance misrepresent."

Another virtuous incitement to moral goodness, is that sympathizing feeling we have for the pleasures, and still more for the distresses of our fellow-creatures: and this I believe is more powerful, than some anti-moral writers will admit. Very few hearts, surely, can be so insensible, as not to be touched with it: but yet, I doubt, we must so far close with Hobbes, that it originally proceeds from considerations of self. We frequently abstract and combine ideas, without knowing it; we feel for others by an involuntary thought

thought how such things would have affected ourselves. How weak then this relative feeling, compared with that which more immediately regards selfhood. Hence experience tells us, although people are ready to feel for distresses laid on by the hands of others, and quick at discerning their cruelty or injustice, yet when their own interest, or passions, are in the way, they seem to be insensible, or blind. But he who fears and loves his God, will remember he bids him do towards others, as he would they should do to him; he bids him love his neighbour, as himself; he bids him love even his enemy, he will not allow him to pray for forgiveness, but as he can forgive the transgressions of others.

But the last, the greatest, and most noble moral incentive, is that conscious triumph of virtue, that self-applaud-  
ing

ing complaisance, which attends a good and generous conduct: on this is founded the celebrated maxim of the philosopher, "Man reverence thyself." And undoubtedly of all sorts of pride, this must be the noblest; yet (setting religious considerations aside) it is merely pride, and pride, alas! was never made for weak fallible man. When the mind expands itself in contemplation, and is, as it were, for a time disengaged from its clog of earth; then indeed, my dear eccentric Yorick, I am ready to cry out with thee, "I am "sure I have a soul," a self-existing spirit, independent of the body, the heir of immortality! Not only because it pierces with a quick, discerning eye beyond this material world, into the boundless fields of imagination, not only because it looks unto unfathomable prospects of futurity, but that it glows with gratitude to its God, and  
melts



melts with tenderness towards its fellow-creatures; it spurns at the narrowness of self, and loaths the beastliness of sensuality. But, alas! when we mix with the world, the flesh prevails, the furious passions rage, and we sink into iniquity. Where then is the pride of philosophy? Where then are its unalterable rules of right? If we sin against the opinion of the world, it will never forgive us; our subterfuge in the purity of our own breasts is lost. Where can we seek for peace, but of him who graciously assures the penitent sinner, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The man of cool passions, whose mind and faculties are absorbed in contemplation, and who, perhaps, has little intercourse with the world, may keep clear of vices to which he has not  
much

much temptation; but nothing except the active principle of religion, can carry the man of passion and action through life with purity; nothing else can keep up even the appearance of decorum in the world in general. But even, if on ordinary occasions, a man destitute of religious principle, could be so enamoured with mere portionless virtue, as to attach himself to her; yet in his intercourse in life (and men cannot all retire to cells or hermitages) he will see his most honest and generous actions so frequently calumniated, his best meant endeavours so very often frustrated, his moral goodness seemingly the occasion of his misfortunes and distresses, that he will be tempted to cry out with Brutus, "I have worshipped virtue as a real good, but have found her only an empty name." But he who serves, who has a lively faith in that God, whose kingdom is not of this

this world, has an anchor of hope, which no force, no misfortune can take from him; a ray of comfort, which will speak peace to his soul in the midst of dangers and distresses, in pains of sickness, and the pangs of death.

Then surely, "The fear of the Lord  
"is the beginning of wisdom"—and  
the consummation of it too: that alone  
can keep us in the paths of rectitude,  
that alone can yield us a solid founda-  
tion of contentment, that alone can  
give us the prospect of a blessed eter-  
nity with the Father of our existence,  
the Redeemer of our souls.

## NUMBER XVIII.

## ADVICE.

Who reason wisely are not therefore wise,  
Their pride in reasoning, not in acting lies

POPE,

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

MANY of our modern writers, who judge of the world by the reception themselves have met with in it, say it is so much biaſſed by ſelf-intereſt, that it is impoſſible for a man of genius and merit to meet with a reward



reward due to his deserts. But with deference to men of wit and learning, might I be allowed to give my opinion, I should obviate these false aspersions, and set it in a more favourable light than those authors have done, who, chagrined by frequent disappointments, would make us believe that all generosity was banished out of the world.

But I have received so many favours myself, and am fully convinced by daily observations, that others receive at least as many of the same kind, that I begin to entertain an opinion of the world quite contrary to the foolish notions these authors had instilled into me. Inasmuch that I am convinced so far from being selfish, every one now-a-days is so generous, that we daily see them bestowing upon their poor neighbours, what they themselves stand in far greater need of, and that too without the view of any other reward,  
than

than the pleasure of seeing their favours as freely used as they were bestowed. But to illustrate my discourse by an example,

Being in a public company lately, I was so shocked by a fellow's thundering out the most execrable oaths, that I was resolving to leave the good company I was in, rather than stay to hear his horrid imprecations: when I was relieved from his noise, and the thoughts of retiring, by a grave middle aged person who sat next him, and generously bestowed upon him the following piece of advice. " For shame, " leave off that abominable, unprofitable practice of swearing. Did you " allow yourself one moment's reflection, " you would not swear another oath. " You are displaying your own ignorance, disturbing the company, making yourself despised, and what is infinitely of more consequence, offending  
ing

“ing your God, without the least rational satisfaction or benefit to yourself, only to please the devil, who will reward you with everlasting punishment for your complaisance to him.”

I was charmed with this discourse, but what convinced me of the great generosity of the author of it, was, that he in a very little time let us hear he could out-do his neighbour at swearing: which made me think him rather an imprudent, although an extremely generous man; for he had bestowed so much good counsel upon another as to leave none for the regulation of his own conduct. This was not loving his neighbour as well, but better than himself, which is more than nature, morality, or even religion can require. I am not only your literary correspondent but old acquaintance and friend,

J. W——N.

It

It is in giving advice only, I find that my friend thinks the present age liberal, and indeed in that point most people are sufficiently so; although (it must be confessed) it is often more to gratify their own pride, by giving them an opportunity of displaying their fancied abilities than to help their friend: notwithstanding which, their advice may be useful, and we are under the same obligation to them that the dog is to him from whom he receives a bone at table, but who threw it down from no desire of feeding him, but only to ease his own plate. It is, in my opinion, a much more difficult, and, consequently, more honourable task to take good advice than to give it. To speak wisely, is not (as Mr. Pope justly remarks in my motto) the surest mark of wisdom, but to know how to take good advice, and to put it in practice, displays a distinguishing mind, a strong resolution,  
and



and, what is still more, a humility of heart, which is always the surest mark of a man of sense and merit.

To take advice from another is a mark of humility, for there is a backwardness in our tempers which makes us unwilling to be led; a pride which makes us rather chuse to act the most absurdly at our own option, than the most wisely by another's direction. But advice is often doubly unpalatable when it comes from such as think they have a right to be regarded. Many young people, I dare say, have run into errors they never would have thought of, had it not been for the (perhaps too strong and determined) remonstrances of their parents to the contrary.

And yet, methinks, this self-sufficiency of temper is very silly. Another person, if really our friend, has in some respects a better chance of judging for us than we for ourselves, as he is less liable to be

misled by prejudice or passion. He can see further into our weakneses than we ourselves possibly can; and to know these is too great an advantage to forfeit for the gratification of a selfish pride. To know them we should

“ Make use of every friend and every foe.”

And in respect to the latter, I believe, if instead of being angry at them, we were to weigh well the remarks their ill-nature throws out, they might be as much, if not more serviceable than the former, as they speak their minds freely, and present us to ourselves in the worst point of view, which, by balancing our self-love, might lead us to a better knowledge of ourselves, and so enable us to rectify its faults.

“ A certain person, I am told, confirmed the mean opinion he said he had of my intellects, by observing I was every now-and-then looking back  
“ as

“ as I walked. I suppose he meant me  
 “ no good by the remark, yet my re-  
 “ venge shall be to endeavour for the  
 “ future to keep my nose more con-  
 “ stantly pointed towards the end of my  
 “ journey.”

## N U M B E R XIX.

## F A R E W E L.

Lorenzo, to recriminate is just:

YOUNG.

**I** Am not free from some apprehension, that what I have said in my last paper may be retorted upon me. It may be asked what was my motive for writing these weekly papers of advice, with which, for near a twelvemonth past, I have been pestering my neighbours? It may be asked whether I myself, "who reason wisely," am "therefore  
"wise?"



“wise?” and whether what little wisdom I have, might not have been better employed in the regulation of my own conduct, than in giving, perhaps, unnoticed counsel to the world in general?

To some, perhaps most of these charges, I must plead guilty. I have already, in my first paper, acknowledged one great motive for my writing was my natural love of scribbling: yet surely when we regulate our passions and desires, so that in their effects they may be at least innocent, if not of service, our conduct cannot be thought very criminal; and I have made it my endeavour, that what I have written (however dull it may be thought) can have no tendency to mislead the judgment, or corrupt the heart, but rather the contrary. However incapable of imitating Thomson in any thing besides,

I have followed his very laudable example, in not publishing

“ A line which dying I might wish to blot.”

In my humble opinion, whatever may be their abilities, however subtle their disquisitions, however lively their wit and humour; no creatures are more truly despicable than profane and immoral writers. What are these who propagate loose principles, or who exhibit such lewd scenes and wanton imagery as may ensnare the young, the warm and tender heart; what are they but literary pimps? What are these contemplative wretches, who, wanting spirit and passion to be wicked in practice, have spent their days in studying to subvert the principles of religion, and consequently of morals? To what shall we liken them, but to decayed bawds,  
incapable

incapable of finning themselves, but glad to cater, to be panders to the vicious appetites of others?

For my own part, fame was not my view; but if I could hope any thing which I have written might furnish a fellow creature with one hour's innocent amusement, uncloud the brow of care, or ease the throbbings of distress, I should think my labour happily bestowed; but could I think they were the means of weeding one vice, one hurtful folly from a human breast, my triumph would be great. And, indeed, I do believe that general counsel is likelier to succeed than advice more particularly addressed to any individual, as selfish pride will be less armed against its reception; the adviser knows not that we submit to his superior judgment, and we take the merit to ourselves of having made the proper application. In this the writer (especially

the anonymous one) has the better even of the clergy, that no retrospective view of his conduct can invalidate the success of his admonitions. Yet surely no practical fault in the preceptor can hurt the soundness of the precept: if that be good in itself, it must be so who ever gives it. However, although I hope neither myself nor any of the reverend gentlemen can be reckoned among the scandalously wicked, yet perhaps one might conscientiously enough join the honest curate, who desired his flock to mind his words, and not regard his deeds.

As it would be very absurd for any person to boast of his own virtues, so would it be almost as silly to expose one's particular weaknesses to the public eye; for my part, no doubt

“ I'm a man, a frail man, to error born.”

My



My heart is indeed a true epitome of human weakness; in principle the determined votary of virtue, in practice a little lame. Sir Richard Steele is said to have written his *Christian-Hero* as a memento for his own conduct; perhaps I have not been quite free from such an hope in writing these essays: that these my serious thoughts, when the mind was unclouded by passion, might shame me into the practice of virtue; might be as landmarks to which I might endeavour to return, should I sink yet deeper into the flood of vice. To guard my own heart, as well as those of others equally weak and fallible, from the depredations of vice and folly, I have entered the lists against them; I have endeavoured to strip them of their gaudy robes of deceitful pleasures, expose their naked deformity, and trace them to their naturally fatal consequences.

However, before I take my leave, as a literary friend, I shall make free to give one piece of advice more, that as every thing in this world is uncertain and unsatisfactory, as there is only one object, the obtaining of which can yield us full and lasting contentment, and that, too, the only one our earnest endeavours can never fail in the obtaining of, as it is the only pursuit in which we (the poor and simple) are on an equal footing with the great and wise ones of the earth ; let us not neglect, then, this one thing sure, this one thing needful. If we have fire or spirit, an eternity of happiness is surely worthy our ambition, at least an eternity of misery cannot be a jest. Yet, if we must jest, let it be on the side of truth and reason; let us borrow one, which, while it breathes, all the true wit of an Arbuthnot, is a striking and a convincing answer to all the arguments the materialist, the atheist, the deist

deist have ever pestered the world with; it is the advice of Crambo to Scriblerus, to have nothing to do with preachers of infidelity, "unless they would give him sufficient security to bear him harm-  
"less from any thing that might hap-  
"pen after this present life."

## N U M B E R XX.

## C U S T O M S.

Farewel, but not for ever.

SOUTHERNE.

**H**AVE you never heard of old men, who, wearied by long conversation, and weakened by disease, have imagined themselves ready to give up the ghost, and taken a supposed farewell of all their friends, when, by an unexpected turn of Providence, they have lived to weary many a hearer by repeated conversations?—It is just so with me—I was making up my mind for a literary death; had actually made a dying speech in my last paper, when an unusual



ful noise burst in upon me—the whole village was in an uproar; but on venturing my little neck through a little aperture in my window, it appeared that no one had been alarmed by the noise but myself, and every one rejoiced but two miserable culprits, who were at once the cause and the shame of such a triumph.—I need not tell my readers that in the country, where the law could not provide for peccadilloes, the mob generally take executive justice into their own hands; it was so in this case—the heroine of the procession had lived in thundering discord with her meek mate, to the disturbance of the neighbourhood, who determined to revenge themselves by making them to ride *Skymington*.—I would describe it, but Hudibras does it much better—

First,

First, he that led the *Cavalcade*,  
Wore a sow-gelder's *flagellet*,  
On which he blew as strong a *levet*,  
As well-feed *lawyer* on his *breviate* ;  
When over one another's heads  
They charge (three ranks at once) like *Swedes*.  
Next *pans* and *kettles* of all keys,  
From *trebles* down to *double base*.  
And after them, upon a *nag*,  
'That might pass for a forehead flag,  
A *cornet* rode, and on his staff  
A smock display'd, did proudly wave :  
Then *bagpipes* of the loudest drones,  
With snuffling broken-winded tones,  
Whose blasts of air in pockets shut,  
Sound filthier than from the gut,  
And made a viler noise than *swine*  
In windy weather when they whine.  
Next, one upon a pair of *panniers*,  
Full fraught with that which for good manners  
Shall here be nameless, mixt with *grains*,  
Which he dispens'd among the *swains*,

And

And busily upon the crowd  
At random round about bestow'd.  
Then mounted on a horned *horse*,  
One bore a *gauntlet* and *gilt spurs*,  
Ty'd to the *pommel* of a long *sword*  
He held reverst, the point turn'd downward.  
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,  
The conqueror's *standard-bearer* rid,  
And bore aloft before the *champion*  
A *petticoat* display'd, and rampant;  
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant  
Bestrid her *beast*, and on the rump on't  
Sat *face to tail*, and *bum to bum*,  
The *warrior* whilome overcome;  
Arm'd with a *spindle* and a *distaff*,  
Which as she rode she made him twist off:  
And when he loiter'd o'er her shoulder  
Chastis'd the *reformato* soldier.  
Before the dame, and round about,  
March'd *whifflers* and *stuffers* on foot,  
With *lackies*, *grooms*, *valets* and *pages*,  
In fit and proper equipages;

Of

Of whom, some torches bore, some links,  
Before the proud *virago-minx*,  
That was both *madam*, and a *don*,  
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Joan*;  
And at fit periods the whole rout  
Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.

This is a *riding* us'd of course  
When the *grey mare's the better horse*;  
When o'er the breeches greedy women  
Fight to extend their vast dominion.

This has been an old, and a no less excellent custom---it has eased many a poor devil's heart, and quieted a whole county for many months together—it operates more violently than the ducking-stool, for having more fufs, it has more of example in it.—This leads me to reflect on the great use of ancient customs—the causes of many we trace after in vain, while we often feel ill effects from their discontinuance.—I met the curate of our  
hamlet



hamlet some time ago, rather piqued at not having a congregation at his church on Ash-Wednesday. After a little hesitation he endeavoured to develope the reason, by assuring me that ever since the neighbouring justices had put down the usage of cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday, they had forgot there was such a day as Ash-Wednesday to succeed it.—Sir, says he, putting down a single custom is like playing at skittles, where if we wish to aim at one only, it is odds but we knock down the whole nine.—Is it not possible that the remembrance of mince-pies and Christmas-day should sink together—and how many poor girls would be obliged to lead apes, if it were not for the kisses they receive at Candlemas under the mistletoe, which they designedly left to attract the notice of roguish bumkins.—The hopes of being a queen on Twelfth-night employs the wishes and the cares  
of

of the village girls, beguiling their labour for previous months, and lightening up their innocent heart, which might otherwise be depressed by toil, or dulled with fameness—Yet who, in the name of wonder, could ever think of coupling—cock-throwing and prayers—mince-pies and religion—marriage and misletoe—plumb-cake and ambition—but so it is.—Let me, then, entreat my readers to look at every custom with an eye of reverence, and before they condemn or renounce it—thoroughly assure themselves that improvement will find a gain, that virtue and good-humour will feel no loss by it.—Our ancestors were wise whatever we may think of them; they used no phrase but had some latent well-meaning, and instituted no custom but what led to advantage.

## NUMBER XXI.

## SUNDAY.

What thoughts, what words, what utterance can  
display

Devotion's feelings when she names this day—?

ANON.

THE curate, whom I mentioned in my last paper, is a mighty good sort of a round-faced man enough, with more learning than the whole parish put together—that you'll say may easily be—he is a vast advocate for old customs, and particularly that old-fashioned one of attending church every Sunday—he is obliged to be there you know, and is  
glad

glad to have as much company as possible—not that I believe this to be his only reason—in compliment to myself, as well as him, I attend constantly, and, to do my neighbours justice, we generally cut a good shew.—— Last Sunday he laboured most ardently to prove that there were three such persons living once as Shem, Ham, and Japhet—this he did logically, historically, argumentatively, but very drily, to all our satisfactions—and we were very much obliged to him; not that it signified to any of us whether they ever did live or no, since he forgot to particularize any of their virtues for our imitation, or vices for our abhorrence.—For my part he might as well have read one of Blair's dull sermons, I should have been almost as much edified.—To say truth, the whole congregation sat very grave and demure, listening with devotion, unless it were the squire's lady, who be  
sure



sure falls asleep by prerogative; and Mrs. Dorothy, her woman, who does so titter and ogle, that I wonder any body can pay attention to any thing but herself.

After sermon we had an auction given out in the church porch, and notice that Farmer Ralph had lost his mare—this was a sad accident to poor Ralph; to be sure she was blind of both eyes, and a little foundered or so, but then she was a horse after all.—The poor farmer's misfortune had nigh spoilt my appetite—but a smoaking furloin and a quaking pudding—(Dame Scarf, the parson's wife, does make a good pudding) soon put all misfortunes out of my head; for I hold it the best never to think of ill when you have any thing good before you. Dinner and grace being ended, we were soon reminded of prayers, which were the more fervently gone through from gratitude for our excellent repast.

repast.—I now took Smiletta by the hand—she is a vast favourite of mine, and requested her to accompany me in a walk to the meadows.—They call me the old gentleman, and, upon my word, pay me thereby the compliment of being thought something of—so Smiletta, though she would not deny me, assented with a blush; this was enough to assure me her wishes were for another place—and I soon found there was to be a cricket match; notwithstanding the royal proclamation, aye, and the consequent prohibition of the surrounding justices—shall I go, quoth Prudence—where is the harm in it—next to seeing young folk devout is to see them happy; so away went I.—All was rude mirth, inoffensive, though loud—and innocent, though on a Sunday. Smiletta's sweetheart won the game and her heart together. He is a good lad. And so we all three returned home cheerfully to a mug

mug of ale, and some new cheese, which she had made herself.—We parted good friends—she to her mother—he to his weekly toil, and I to my study, in the hope of passing another Sabbath as purely and as happily.—Let me contrast our little picture with the history of a London Sunday—A thin church, and a thin curate—Fashions and furberows occupy the Ladies' thoughts, punch and politics the mens'—After a fanciful hotch-potch, each betakes him to his dinner—his nap—and his walk through

Clouds of dust that hurtles in the air.

During service what a number of interruptions break in upon devotion—not in the country indeed, for there every thing is silent, unless it should happen that Mrs. Dorothy's dog, being a puppy of taste, should howl when Mr.

Twang-em

Twang-'em gives out the psalm.—In town I remember a circumstance that even forced me to smile in a church—His deputy-reverence was audibly roaring, “O Lord fend us”—“Mackarel,” exclaimed a shriller voice, though full as audible.—It came in so pat, that I could almost believe it a concerted plan of the curates to put the congregation in mind of asking him to dinner, which they had the happy knack of forgetting.—He gave me his company, and I followed him afterward to church, in the afternoon—when nothing could be distinctly heard but a sound which could not be distinctly understood; but was meant, no doubt, to raise our gratitude by reminding us that we were in a land, at least, *overflowing* with milk.—Should there not be stationary places for the sale of perishable fish; and surely every milk-woman should one day in the week know her own customers.—

The



The evening concluded with drunken walkers, fatigued riders, spoilt clothes, fusty dowagers, disappointed nymphs, and weary idleness—we will pass by profane oaths, and wanton follies, and still put the Town Sabbath in competition with that of the country.—Let who will chuse.

## N U M B E R XXI.

## M U S I C.

Mufic has charms to foothe the favage breaft;  
To foften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

CONGREVE.

**I** PURPOSELY omitted to mention the fabled mufic of our temples--- becaufe in this age of foppery and fiddlesticks, every thing like harmony requires a ferious and feparate investigation.---I took a little niece of mine to an oratorio, the laft time we were in town

town together, because it is an amusement my heart doats upon---let me call it something beyond amusement---an enjoyment.--- What we highly relish ourselves we naturally wish and expect others to relish.---My little companion was very attentive; and after a solemn air given in the best manner, I asked her how she liked it—and her answer was—dear, uncle, why not much—the lady sings as if it was nothing at all to her.—I like our country singing at church ten times better---there they twang it away, and seem as if it was something of consequence, something very difficult to be done.——The erroneous taste did not hurt me half so much as the observation gave me pleasure.---Upon my word the labour it costs to produce what cannot be called harmony, but discord in parts, is inexpressible.---How has my whole frame fidgetted through an anthem, where nothing was in unison

save the nose of dame Hearty, and the low keys of the double bassoon---which is worst, the composition or execution, it is impossible to determine.—They are no better off in the London churches, where there is a kind of Dutch concert, every different person singing his own tune in different keys; and charity children straining their throats, as if to make last Sunday hear how much this Sunday outdoes it, when it cannot be determined which is most prevalent the shrill or the sonorous.—I would advise, in case of a future war with the Savages, that a town congregation, with its appendages of parish clerk and charity children, should be placed as near as possible to the enemy's camp, who, at the onset of the battle, should only set up what they call a common psalm tune; and if it did not beat all the war-whoops of the Indians I would be bound to pass my life in an organ gallery; and  
that's



that's a very bold offer, let me tell you. —It is wonderful to me that while music is the general theme of general estimation, we do not endeavour somewhat to regulate what is termed sacred harmony.—We should stop our ears with the enraged musician if the bawling of a ballad singer—the grating of a dry wheel, and the filing of a saw, did not melt into more agreeable melody.—Our great grand-papas used to sing some plain, simple, unadorned tunes, that were at once easy and solemn.—But the dreadful Italian Contabiles have frittered away devotional melody, and left us nothing but noise and nonsense.—Handel was a prodigy it is true, but what has he to do with common congregations, or rather what have they to do with him?—They know nothing about notes and bars, unless it were bank-notes and iron bars, which generally have most excellent music in them to

be sure, but of a very different quality.  
—In the name of common sense, let us silence the twang of the country music gallery and the screams of charity children—this may be the means of reducing the public service to its original seriousness, and changing new-fangled quavers into simple, but heart-felt harmony.

NUM-

## NUMBER XXII.

## O A T H S.

For if he swears he'll certainly deceive you.

OTWAY.

Then he would talk, good gods ! how he would  
talk !

LEE.

WE, that is, Smiletta and her lover,  
and myself, were chatting after  
dinner, on a rainy afternoon, about that  
fervency of conversation which men  
of taste and judgment glow with, in  
K 4                      oppo-

opposition to that languor and barrenness which creeps through the language of the ignorant and uninformed. This naturally led me to remark, that many, to add what they call spirit to language, interlard every sentence with an oath. They easily perceive a warmth of expression in others, and because they cannot raise it in themselves, have recourse to a system of conversation, that not even the grossest ignorance or infidelity can afford an excuse for. I was the more animated upon the subject, because a pettifogger's clerk, who had but just learning enough to sharpen his cunning, had been formerly very sweet upon my little rosebud, but having sworn himself out of my good graces, he had cooled himself in hers, and I considered this as an excellent opportunity to freeze her affections, were there any left, totally against him.

I have



I have a foolish custom of taking an afternoon's nap, so commending my little sweethearts to a tenderer conversation, closed my eyes for that purpose. Whatever ailed me, it is impossible to divine, but no sleep had I—however apparently it seemed otherwise.—Smiletta's lover, whether he thought his passion was too high for common language, or whether he conceived a want of that glow, which we had been talking of, I cannot tell; but he addressed her most powerfully, with something as like an oath as possible, and which, perhaps, may innocently be recommended to all protesting lovers from henceforth, even for ever, who wish to add to the expressive archness of the eye, and palpitating tremblings of the heart.—“As I hope to be “kissed.”—“May I never be married “if”—“tye me to a shrew but”—“Kill me with kindness should”—

“By the wishes of my soul”—With a thousand other sweet asseverations, which being assimilated to the subjects as they arose, added a force and a beauty peculiarly adapted to melt the female bosom, into credulity and softness.

Woman born to be controuled,  
Stoops to the forward and the bold.

So says the Poet—but they must be bold women who do so.—Women love a man of spirit—but true spirit is the brother of tenderness;—it differs as much from bluster, as found ale from bottled small beer, one is all strength and smoothness, the other is all bounce and froth.—Does it not occur to my fair readers, that he who will now swear *to*, will soon learn to swear *at* them, and that an oath costs no more trouble to pronounce than a blessing.—

I won't

I won't say a word about the criminality of swearing—but surely that man who treats you with repeated and unmeaning execrations, puts the highest affront on your religious principles, imagining that he tickles, rather than shocks your feelings.—I remember a story, but where my memory does not allow me to recollect, of two gentlemen who were in company together, one of whom entertained himself with breaking a commandment at every other word; the other began his conversation something after this manner: “As we were hunting—horse-nails and  
“stirrups—we came—ods dangers and  
“broken limbs—plump up to a thick  
“hedge, there—by teeth and brush  
“tails—out buffled Reynard; off fet  
“we—ods splashings and dashings—  
“till at last——” here the other interrupted him with a loud laugh, and abused him for his strangeness of  
K 6 language,

language, when he received this as an answer: "Sir, the only difference between our conversation is, that as both weave extraneous matter in it, mine is not more ridiculous in reality than yours, and has this advantage, it is at least innocent."

A man of the highest rank in these kingdoms, who takes so much care of the King's conscience, that he is totally forgetful of his own, sent the following letter to one whom he had lately quarrelled with:

"G—d— you, you scoundrel, come to me directly."

---

To which the following characteristic answer was immediately dispatched:

"God blefs you, my Lord, I will."

The



The good wishes of the virtuous,  
ere they reach the heaven they aim  
at, drop down in dews of blessing on  
the bestower, while the curses of the  
vicious or indiscreet,

“ Breathe a browner horror.”

I shall close this paper with an  
anecdote of the King of Prussia, not  
entirely foreign, though not exactly  
apposite to the present subject.

A priest in the Province of ——,  
contrary to his predecessors, deduced  
from a variety of texts, that the tor-  
ments of men after death were only  
proportioned, in respect to violence and  
duration, to the crimes that occasioned  
them.—His auditors were enraged, and  
represented to the monarch how much  
their consciences suffered from a doc-  
trine so new, and so compassionate, re-  
questing their priest might be removed,  
and one of more rigid principles al-  
lowed

lowed them; to which he replied thus :

“ Let the minister keep his situation,  
“ but if my subjects of ——— with  
“ to be d——d ETERNALLY, I have no  
“ objection.

“ FREDERICK.”

N U M-

## N U M B E R XXIII.

## A U T H O R I T Y.

Did you ever hear a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Aye, my good lord—And the man run away from  
the dog?

There thou might'st behold the great image of  
authority.

SHAKESPEARE.

**I**T is very wonderful to observe the manner in which local situations operate on the human mind—We continually see how low adversity humbles the heart, and that he, who was before the proudest, becomes the most abject

abject—and so, to turn the tables and keep pride and humility upon its usual balance—the man raised from the dunghill, like a tulip, becomes the more erect and gaudy from the richer succour it has derived from the richer filth.—But that the tender feelings, which seem to have nothing to do with riches or poverty, obscurity or splendor, should change their natures, is highly unaccountable—unless, indeed, we deduce the cause from example, and argue that people in an exalted sphere of life affect an exemption of feelings.—I was walking a few evenings ago through a green lane, which has ever charms for me, when my ears were assailed by the voice of an infant, not like the noise of little master when he cries for the moon, or that of a child under correction—but so moving and pathetic that my heart felt a presentiment of deep distress, and I rushed rapidly, tenderly, and some  
people



people would say Quixotically, to learn whether my advice and assistance were necessary. There was a poor creature by its side inanimate and in rags—but the rags were like the driven snow, or to carry the comparison higher, whiter than Smiletta's bosom.—The poor child was too young to discern all its miseries, for a bit of gingerbread (which by the bye I always carry about me, for what purpose is to nobody, but I never eat any myself) bought off its tears.—It was impossible to see a fellow creature in such a situation without stopping for curiosity's sake, without shewing something like concern for reputation's sake, without assisting for charity's sake—without relieving for my own sake, and tho', believe me, I had a message from my sweet girl to her lover, to tell him that his garters were finished, which was a kind of tender though latent invitation you know, and had actually and seriously engaged

engaged myself to take a cup of ale with the curate, and I hold such promises to be sacred, yet ale, curate, promises and garters, Smiletta, and all were forgot, and I thought of nobody else but little farmer Davy.—What could possibly bring him into my thoughts?—you shall know in a very few minutes; but first of all you must understand he lived once as a kind of *fac totum* in our family—where they gave him the name of Dick Squinney—because he had a tear for every tale of woe, and “a hand open as day to melting charity;” that is, he gave every beggar broken victuals, and bought every Grub-street history of the Spanish Lady’s Tragedy, the Unfortunate Orphan, Sukey’s Lamentation for the Loss of her Sweetheart, and a thousand other woe-begone ditties, which he read so constantly that his face became a perfect dish-clout, always wet and ready for every use.—We  
thought

thought him a good lad, and had recommended him to a farm——But now to the purpose, he had surprizingly risen in the world, and was actually this year overseer of the parish.—This accounts in a moment;—but I love to go a round about way sometimes,—why he, of all men, popped into my mind.—Don't suppose the poor creature lay all this time on the cold grafs while I thought of all this—no, he was sent for in an instant—for Jove, that is Providence, had luckily sent his Ganymede in the shape of a whistling plough-boy in the very nick of time that I wished to send for assistance.—The farmer came—he bowed to my honour, hoped my honour was well—my honour looked rather pale.—Why, farmer, here is a poor wretch—for by this time she opened her eyes—that demands your assistance—you are a parish officer.—If you could but have seen him how he bridled and  
smiled

smiled consciously, and frowned officially, you would never have forgot him. —Sir, quoth he, what has this here vagabond to do with you?—Or what have you to do with her? I blushed involuntarily, not at what I thought, but at what he might think, and then told him the circumstances.—He said, that folk complained rates were high, and no wonder, when bad women could not be content with leasing and spinning, but were never happy unless when they were getting brats, running from one part to another, and burthening other gues's parishes.—The poor creature sighed—looked at me, and, in unaffected language, told her little story:—Her husband was a manufacturer, that trade declining, he went to London, whither she was to follow, for he was her angel and her god—but fatigue and hunger overpowered her—she could not beg, for she once had  
 plenty



plenty and relieved others—a faintness overcame and she sunk on the earth, blessing her child and husband, and drawing one sweet consolation, that she was dying in her pursuit of him.—This is the cant of them all, saith the farmer.—You once had feelings—yes, quoth he—but my money now is not my own, I am but steward, master, for others.—I will oblige you to take care of her.—Mayhap you may, but then I'll ha' her whipt first.—Oh! Bickerstaffe, it brought to mind a simile of your's, where a lover complains that his mistresses's heart was harder than a parish officer's.—I took her to my own cot, where by gentle usage, and common restoratives, she has surprisingly recovered.—John has sent her down a guinea of his earnings, and would have been here himself, but that he could not spare the time from his avocations without hazarding the loss  
of

of her by hunger. The story afforded me an excellent apology to the Curate and Smiletta for their disappointment. —The Parson spared her something handsome out of his thirty pounds per annum, and Smiletta gave her a crown piece which her great grandmother had hoarded up—and it became a matter of wonder amongst us, if Davy could be now so much changed from what he was, what he would be when he became a churchwarden.

N U M-

NUMBER XXIV.

C O N C L U S I O N.

Out out brief candle.

SHAKESPEARE.

**E**VERY author has somewhat like vanity about him.—I wish their honesty kept pace with it—It shall in this instance ; so be it known unto all men, that whereas these works may last to a thousand generations, it be necessary to inform the world, that there being a last dying speech in No. XIX. this must in regular gradation be called a confession—

fession—and thus much is confessed, that the papers from that number, are not the work of the first pen, but sent to the author by a friend, after the original had been committed to the press.

C O N C L U S I O N

F I N I S.



